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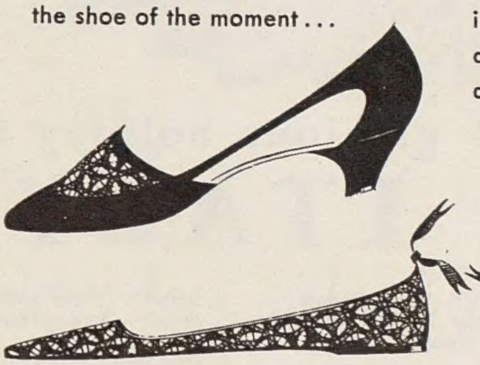

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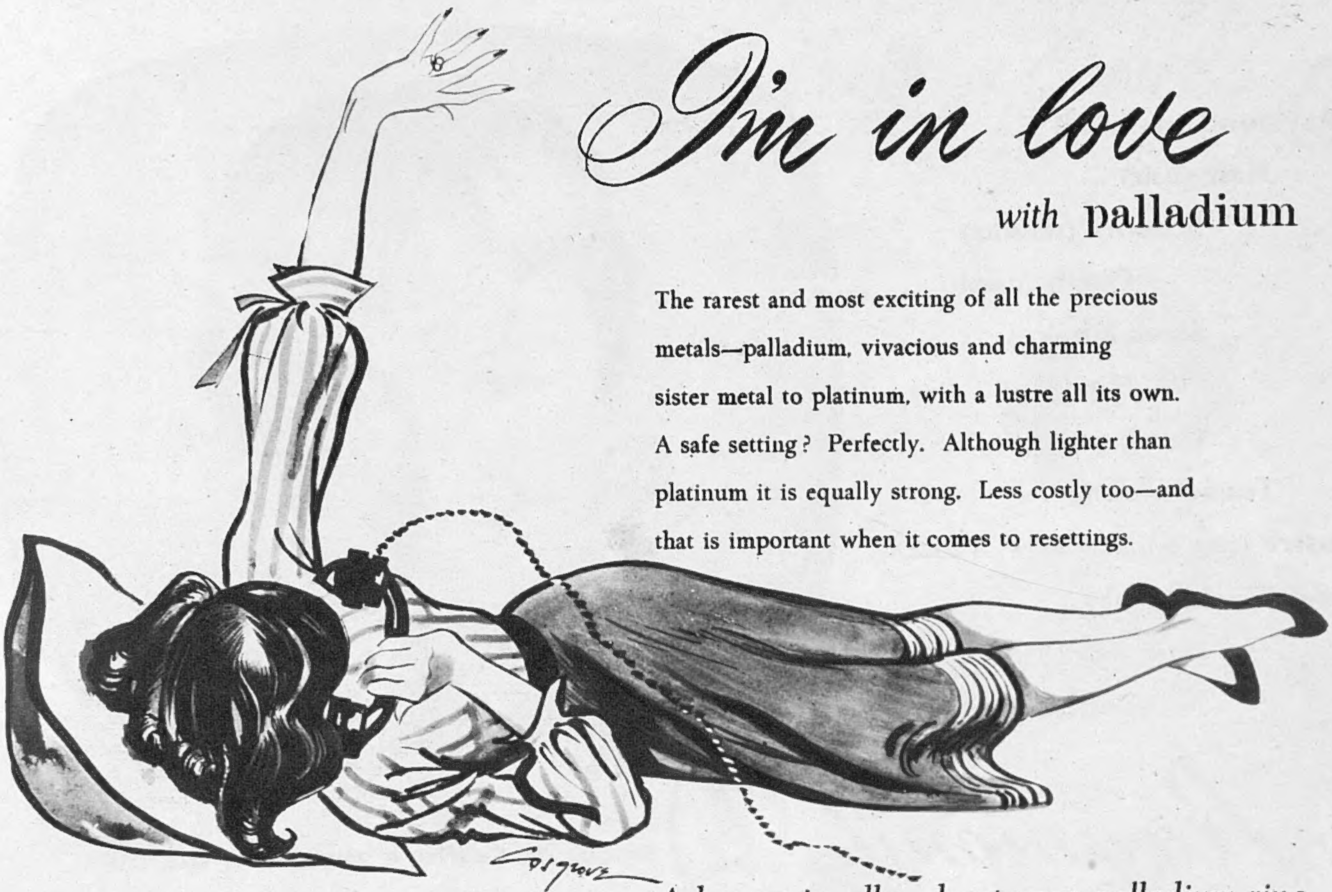

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welcome

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There's not a woman who won't be entranced by Alec Waugh's new story " TOO LIKE A FAIRY TALE " *; or provoked by Barbara Cartland's article* " WITH ALL MY WORLDLY GOODS " *—in which she questions the wisdom of a woman marrying out of her station. And then—but forgive us—there is so much in the May Britannia and EVE to intrigue and interest* **every** *woman. The May issue is now on sale . . . get it today from your usual bookstall or newsagent.*

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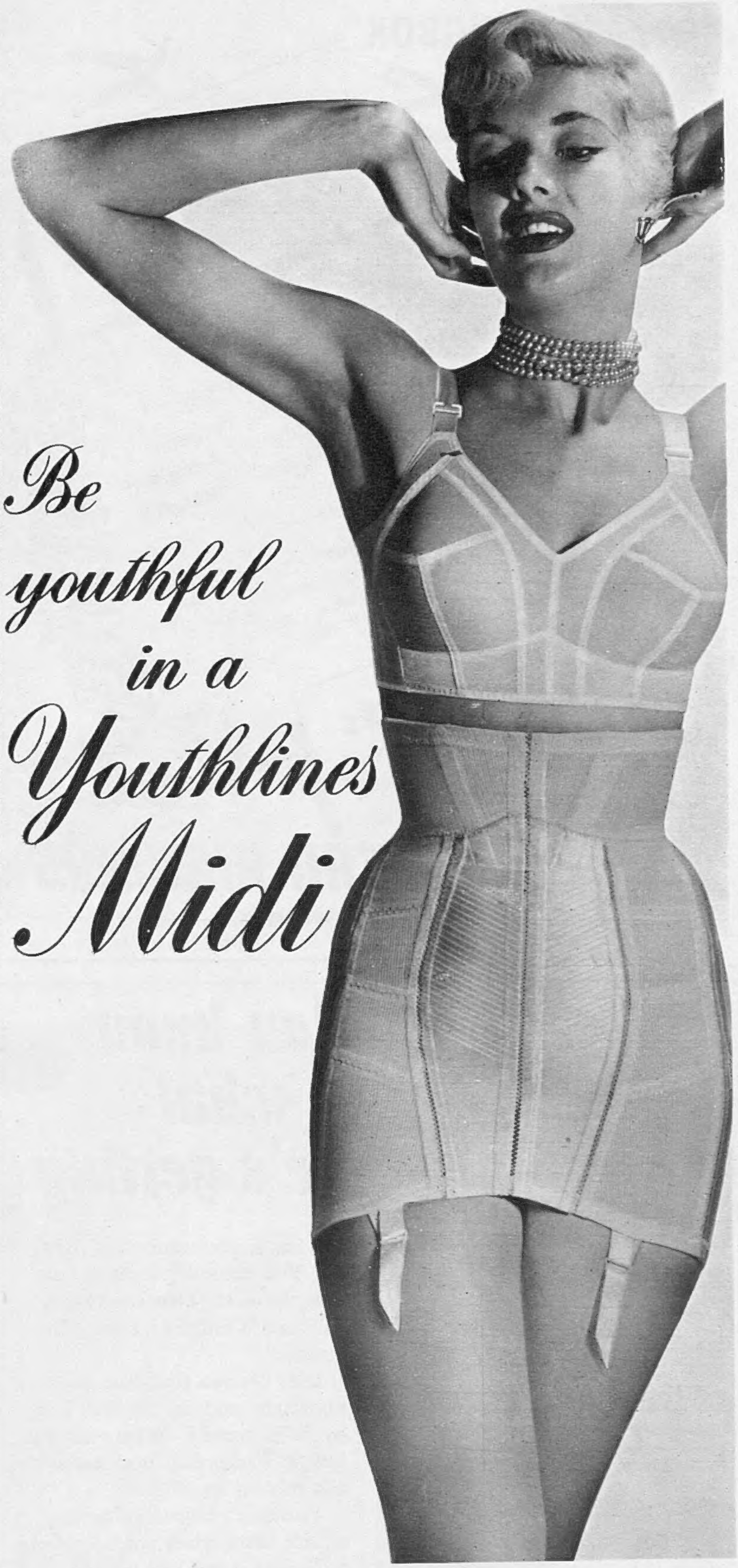

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"At this precise moment, sir, it would be too painful to repeat. May I suggest we should first smooth out that unsightly bulge by the door?"

"That, Hawkins, is the electric light switch. The future appears to be somewhat dim."

"A glass of gin and Rose's Lime Juice might brighten the outlook, sir."

"Brilliant, Hawkins—after a large gin and Rose's I will study the leaflet again and firmly adhere to the instructions."

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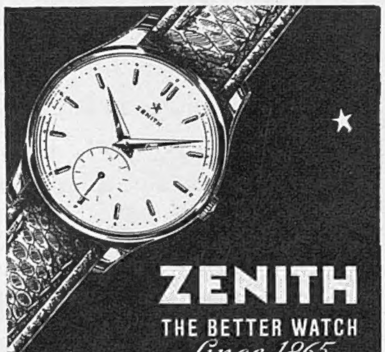

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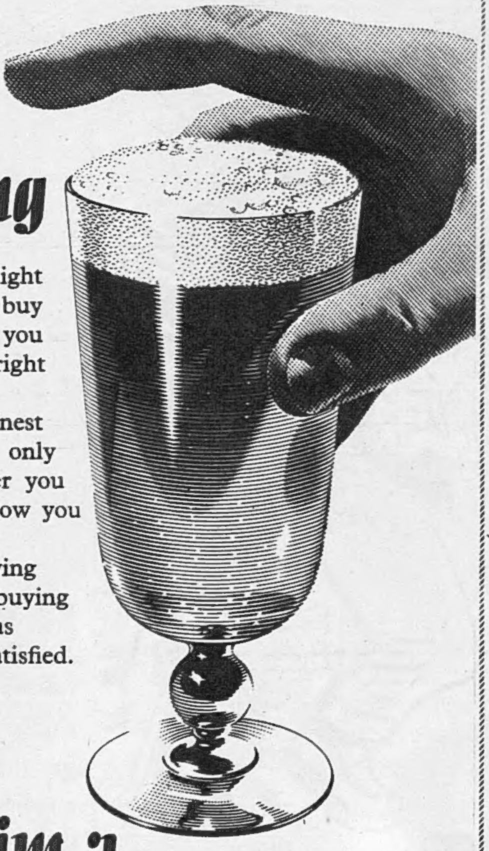

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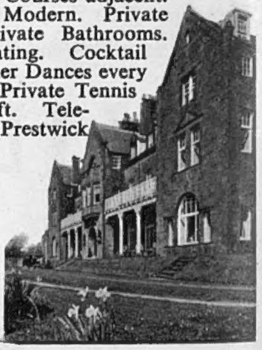

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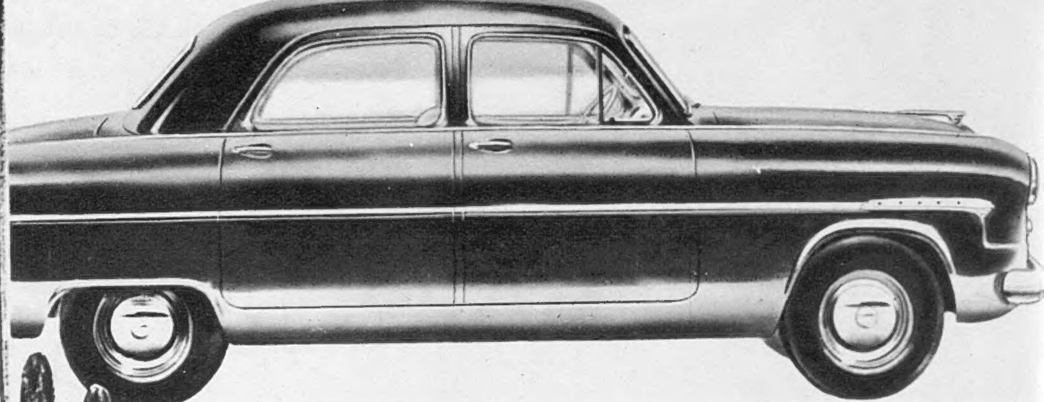

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The Sketch
WEDNESDAY, MAY 19, 1954.
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JOHN WALTER WOLSELEY

By Dame Laura Knight, R.A.

This striking study of a small member of an old English family is one of several fine works by Dame Laura Knight in the Royal Academy's Summer Exhibition. The young subject, now a youth of sixteen, appears in this portrait to be imbued with a strong sense of family, and of his connection with the twelfth Baronet Wolseley of Mt. Wolseley, whose coat-of-arms bears the motto, "*Man is as a wolf towards his fellow man*"!

"You 'd better paint him *larger* than life."

Our Motley Notes

By TOBY O'BRIEN

IN the last issue of *The Sketch* the big family wedding of Deirdre O'Brien, daughter of Donough and Anne Inchiquin, and Dr. Beecher Chapin was fully recorded from a pictorial point of view. Perhaps I am naturally biassed, but I cannot recall a more delightful few days, during which we never sat down to a meal fewer than twenty, and the weather conspired with our host and hostess to improve on perfection.

The Dean of Killaloe was one of the officiating clergy at the wedding. I was able to make an enquiry from him on behalf of Mr. J. P. L. Thomas, the First Lord of the Admiralty, about the pinnacles on the church with which his family—the "P." in Jim Thomas's initials stands for Purdon—have long been connected in that part of the world, towards the repair of which he had handsomely contributed. Most of the Purdons are buried in Killaloe Cathedral, where there are many Purdon monuments. One is a source of mild unhappiness to the Purdon family. I gather that the largest monument of all—not, I hasten to add, that of a direct ancestor of the First Lord of the Admiralty—is that of a Purdon whose father had omitted to take the steps which even Hollywood film stars feel are *de rigueur*.

FAMILY likenesses are curious things. Some close relations are so utterly dissimilar that you could not imagine a connection, whereas, in other cases, you could not possibly make a mistake. One of the latter is the present Lord Gort, whose resemblance to his brother "Tiger" Gort, V.C., is so remarkable that they might have been twins. Lord Gort has recently bought a famous O'Brien stronghold and landmark in County Clare—Bunratty Castle—which is an important strategic river-crossing, and which has been the scene of countless sieges, assaults and bloody deeds for the past thousand years. Lord Gort tells me that he is going to turn most of the Castle into a museum, though he will create a flat at the top of the building.

Personally, nothing would induce me to spend a night in Bunratty, from whose walls on one occasion in the Middle Ages an ancestor hung on meat-hooks the tortured corpses of some cousins who then occupied it and had incurred his displeasure, and where another invited a close relation to a party and then had him torn in pieces by wild horses.

However, the Verekers have never been lacking in courage. Only the other evening I was hearing from somebody who was present during the siege of Malta, of "Tiger" Gort's proposals, not for a last stand, but for a counter-attack. At one stage it looked as if the defences had been so softened up by intensive bombing that there was little doubt that had the Germans or Italians invaded at that point the assault could not have been withstood. The late Lord Gort did not propose in that event to do more than leave a few delaying forces to resist the invasion. On the contrary, as soon as the invasion fleet was sighted, he proposed to leave with every available vessel to lead an attack on the mainland of Sicily!

When he had to return to England during the siege to report, the Governor was somewhat uncomfortably stowed in a Beaufighter. Almost at once the intercom between him and the pilot

and navigator broke down—at least, as far as his ability to communicate with them was concerned. The R.A.F. types imagined that it had broken down completely. Lord Gort used to tell, with a certain amount of pleasure, the story of how the pilot said to the navigator: "How do you think the old so-and-so's looking?" To which the navigator replied: "Oh, he looks all right. Thank God he doesn't know we're completely lost!"

DURING this brief stay in Ireland, it was not unpleasant to go to the point-to-point of the Clare Harriers, which in the last year or so has been greatly smartened up, and is no longer pure Somerville and Ross. The point-to-point was held over the up-hill and down-dale course with, of course, stone walls throughout, and with certain winners for each race. Not that the bookies were taking any chances, however. As is usual in Ireland, a country with very little liquid—if that is the right word—capital, no one was paid until after the second race, *i.e.*, until something was in the bag. Even then the boys were taking no chances. In one race with four runners, the odds were evens, evens, evens, twos—which even to my non-mathematical brain would seem to represent a pretty inevitable turn-up for the book. Even so, the punters appeared to have had a cynical outlook: that is to say, if my (unsuccessful) horse in the last race had run half as fast as the successful punters did towards the mound on which the bookies stood immediately the winner had passed the post, I might have been with them.

I WAS happy to bring back with me from Ireland a copy of my favourite organ of public opinion for many years, the *Clare Champion*, with which is incorporated the *Thomond News* and the *Galway Advocate*. It is refreshing in these horrid days of hydrogen bombs to find headlines in type as large as anything in a 4,000,000-circulation British newspaper which read: MYSTERIOUS THREATS AT COOLMEEN—Mixed Talk and Trespass Case . . . or STORY OF NIGHT ASSAULT—Man's Teeth Found After Squabble . . . which last reminds me of the song of my youth, in which the French teacher

Found it did not do
to teach French in Killaloe
unless he had a face or two
to spare.

Incidentally, a leading Irish antiquary, whose judgment I value, maintained to me that the famous *Skibbereen Eagle* story was a complete invention. An older generation will recall how, after the Bloody Suppression of the 1905 Revolution in Russia, the *Skibbereen Eagle* had a leading article which contained, according to the story, the immortal words: "We warn the Autocrat of all the Russias that the eye of the *Skibbereen Eagle* is upon him." I am prepared to offer a small prize to anybody who can prove to me that it ever, in fact, appeared in print.

YOUR correspondent is happy to report no lessening of mad ideas in the world of fashion, with whose latest manifestations he became acquainted at a recent Knightsbridge party given to show off some new fabrics for the export field. There were so many guests that the fabrics might have been pictures in the Academy on Private View day. It was, however, an excellent party, complicated for my simple male mind, which is only capable of taking in one of these things at a time, by a dress show which seemed to consist of beach-wear of an elegant elaboration which I suspect will never see any beach on this side of the ocean. Tell me, ladies, who *does* wear these things which the fashion trade thinks up for your delectation?

While on the subject of the beautiful minds of those engaged in, or catering for, the "rag trade," my imagination was sent boggling again when I switched on by chance in the middle of a fashion programme on television recently. The gorgeous young ladies who paraded up and down wore garments which had names like "acetate velvet" or "acetate fur" or "acetate jersey." Dismissing my first theory that it might be a colour like the "wet anthracite" (or "nutty-slack"?) to which I drew your attention on an earlier occasion, I came to the conclusion that it must be a material. Vague memories of a blissful two terms' specialisation in science, which was almost entirely occupied (before anyone got around to it) in eating chocolate ginger creams with Bobby MacDermot, the future B.B.C. moghul and dramatist, sent me to the *Encyclopædia Britannica* to refresh my memory of "stinks." Under "acetates" I was told to "see acetic acid," which is "the organic acid which gives to vinegar, from which it derives its name, its characteristic sharp taste." It has many uses, being "sometimes used as a caustic for corns." But look out, girls! Do not even contemplate heating that gorgeous acetate creation with "arsenious oxide," otherwise your acetates will "give rise to the malodorous and highly poisonous cacodyl oxide," and *that*, I feel sure, will enable you neither to win friends nor influence people. Still, do not let any words of mine discourage the rag trade. You, *mesdames et messieurs*, give me far more pleasure than you know!

The Tribulations of Tanya

By Anna Zinkeisen and Laurel Pascal

Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast
But not to cure a cold upon the chest:
Loud variations on a bronchial chord
Are not the kind Sir Thomas will applaud.

MY Irish visit robbed me of the pleasure of seeing Sir Percy Loraine's horse, *Darius*, win the 2000 Guineas. There can be few ex-diplomats who have done more for bloodstock breeding, both in this country and abroad, than Sir Percy. When he went as Ambassador to Turkey a great part of his success was due not merely to his willingness to sit up all night with Kemal Ataturk and allow himself to be outrageously cheated at poker, but to the great improvement he effected in Turkish racing bloodstock. The Turks are extremely keen on racing, and Sir Percy's assumption of the honorary portfolio of Minister for Bloodstock made him one of the most popular envoys we have ever been fortunate enough to have in that country. Incidentally, for those who are interested in bloodstock, it might be interesting to try the experiment of reintroducing into this country the descendants of some of the fine English blood horses which Sir Percy took to Turkey. They might contribute much in stamina at least.

Although, when he was appointed as High Commissioner in Cairo in succession to Lord Lloyd, the appointment was made with the idea on the part of what Lord Lloyd used to call the "verguncules" of the Foreign Office, of replacing a pro-consul by a "safe" diplomat, Sir Percy by no means disbelieved in the policy of holding the gorgeous East in fee. He felt strongly on certain subjects, and did not hesitate to express his views upon them.

For example, the Taurus Express, which in the days of his Turkish Embassy ran from Istambul up to Ankara (though now you can go all the way to Baghdad in it—thus fulfilling Kaiser Wilhelm's dream of the Berlin-Baghdad railway which so alarmed our fathers before World War I.), had an elaborate system at either end to try and prevent the distinguished international travellers from being bitten by things which either crawled or hopped. Your porter was not allowed to put your luggage in your sleeping compartment. He had to hand it to another porter who was guaranteed "bug free," who put it into the corridor of the train, from which it was disposed in your compartment by the *wagons-lits* attendant.

Alas! in Eastern lands the best-laid schemes o' mice an' men gang aft a-gley. His staff used to tell the story of how on nearly every journey Sir Percy arrived at his Embassy bearing physical evidence of an uncomfortable night. In those days the Belgian Government had the majority shareholding in the Compagnie Internationale des Wagons Lits. According to his awestruck staff, on one occasion a furious and correctly-garbed Sir Percy descended—descended is the *mot juste*, as the British Embassy is at the very top of the hill on the diplomatic road leading out of the heart of Ankara—on his Belgian colleague to deliver a formal protest!

Social Occasions

MISS FIONA MUNRO, daughter of Sir Torquil and Lady Munro, was presented at Court by her mother in March. Her grandmother, Mrs. Kenneth Hunter, is giving a dance for her at the Hyde Park Hotel on May 24th.

MISS APRIL BRUNNER, daughter of Wing-Cdr. and Mrs. Patrick Brunner and a god-daughter of Queen Mary, is being given a dance on June 3rd by her mother.

MISS LINDA McNAIR-SCOTT, daughter of Major Ronald and the Hon. Mrs. McNair-Scott, is being given a dance on June 10th by Mrs. McNair-Scott at the London home of her grandfather, Lord Camrose.

DEBUTANTE MODELS in the fashion show at the Savoy Hotel on May 5th in aid of the N.S.P.C.C. included Miss Caroline York, seventeen, and Miss Claire Baring, eighteen.

QUEEN JULIANA receiving the Freedom of the Carpenters' Company on May 7th from Mr. Kenneth Roberts, Master of the Carpenters' Company, at the Drapers' Hall.

PARTY GUESTS chatting together at photographer Baron's studio on May 7th at a party given by painter Pietro Annigoni were the Duke of Primo de Rivera, Spanish Ambassador, and lovely Mary Antippas, " Miss Venus " of Greece.

VICTORIA LEAGUE guests here at a dinner and dance at the Cavendish Hotel at Eastbourne on April 30th are Mary, Duchess of Devonshire, and Major Cosmo Crawley.

AT HIS SCONE PALACE home during the Perth Hunt Races were the Earl of Mansfield and his young daughter, Lady Mariota Murray.

EDINBURGH : One of the last official moments of the outgoing Lord Provost, Sir James Miller. He is receiving, with Lady Miller, the President of Iceland, Mr. Asgeir Asgeirsson, and Mrs. Asgeirsson, on their two-day visit to Scotland.

Our Social Diary

Helena is on holiday and will be writing again in our next issue.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Van Hallan.

Diplomatic Hostesses: The Rani Shanker

The beautiful Rani Shanker, wife of the Nepalese Ambassador, General Shanker Shamsher Jang Bahadur Rana, G.B.E., is one of the most popular of London's diplomatic hostesses. The charm of this most gracious lady is well known, and her exquisite taste is reflected in the furnishings of her delightful home in Kensington Palace Gardens, which complement her beauty no less than the lovely saris for which she is famous among the diplomatic circles of three continents. The Rani Shanker enjoys sharing her distinguished husband's very busy life, which means a great deal of travelling for them both; for while his Excellency has been his country's Ambassador in London since 1949, he is also Ambassador to France and the United States. It is somewhat difficult to believe that the Rani is the mother of two grown-up children, but it is true enough: her daughter is now the Maharani of Ratlam, and her son is the Military Attaché at the Nepalese Embassy in London.

Our Bookshelf

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW. By R. F. Delderfield. (*Constable and Co.; 15s.*)

LOVE IS A BRIDGE. By C. B. Flood. (*Victor Gollancz; 15s.*)

STORIES AND CREAM. By Edward Hyams. (*Longmans, Green and Co.; 11s. 6d.*)

Reviewed by G. B. Stern

A GOOD biography should hold us by revelation, not tabulation; so Mr. Delderfield can hardly blame us if we become more absorbed in the gradual unfolding of his answer to our casual, "What 's he like ? " than in any of the exciting things which actually happened to him. Yet *Bird's-Eye View* is on that fascinating theme of luck, how and where it hits a man, and what are his reactions ? "*Local Boy Makes Good*" . . . and as this particular local boy's total free-lance earnings amounted to £1 4s. (outside his weekly wage as journalist and sub-editor of the *Exmouth Chronicle*) to have received, fifteen years later, more than £30,000 rolling in as the gross royalties of *Worm's-Eye View*, might be termed quite an edifying miracle; edifying, because his was no windfall out of the blue; he had persistently worked and hoped and laughed at disappointment; and it is just this "never-say-die" quality which may ultimately force luck to stand and deliver.

On almost every page of this delightful success story we encounter the author's realistic humour, his frankness, cheerfulness and sturdy good sense; and rarer than these, his unaffected pleasure in the company of his fellow-creatures. Once we get interested in our man, willy-nilly we turn sleuth: "That 's queer," we say; or "That 's interesting"; or "I wonder if that 's why—— ? " A clue, for instance, that he has always found more satisfaction, more real oblivion, in a first-class film than in the finest play. Or another clue, about girls this time: "All my life I have been particularly susceptible to demure expressions." And his obsession for Napoleonic research—what might this indicate ? It is even more significant that at the age of twenty-one he wrote a play, based on the psychology of Pontius Pilate: "I had always been interested in the character of Pilate." Nothing at all, surely, in his parentage or early environment or occupation to account for any of this. And though we should be the poorer without his living pen-portrait of a male parent, both excellent and entertaining, neither does Mr. Delderfield Senior altogether explain a yen for Pontius Pilate.

But the most provocative of these leads can be found in the author's vivid description of an emotional crisis in his schooldays, painfully acute and touching the inner core of melancholia; he calls it "a rarefied persecution complex," which had as its driving force a compelling masochism, and went on nicely from there to a secret certainty that he would be buried alive—"unless I performed certain self-appointed tasks that would ensure immunity from such a fate." Well, what do you *know*!—as they might exclaim in another continent. Then, dramatically and all in a moment, the horror dropped away from him, and, even more mystifying than its arrival without cause, did not ever come back:

> *I was glad I was myself and that, I think, is the beginning and end of the conscious content people call happiness.*

WE have not even a Tower of Babel excuse for letting our laziness object to the American setting of *Love is a Bridge*; *books* are bridges, and the situations in Mr. Flood's first novel are at once familiar and universal, oddly reminiscent of Galsworthy's wholly English family chronicle, *The Forsyte Saga*; the pace is equally well-bred and leisurely; you are not hustled along. The publishers draw our attention to the fact that this young man of twenty-three has achieved a best-seller and, never-the-less—we have chosen our adverb carefully—writes "about decent people . . . nothing sensational." He is, indeed, astonishingly humane to his characters; young writers of to-day on both sides of the Atlantic are more apt to treat them like the foredoomed victims of a blood sport, hunt them down and brutally maul them, till we begin to wonder if we should not perhaps call in the R.S.P.C.A. ? But without sentimentality or cant, Mr. Flood handles each one as though it were not altogether unreasonable to suppose religion were in them—or in him. True, every now and then he could bear to be a little more elliptic; he does not trust his readers enough—Heaven knows there are grounds for his mistrust!—it is tiresome when a situation or a passage of dialogue seems to have been needlessly repeated. But these are minor faults in a story of the stuff of life so skilfully woven into a subtle pattern of three generations. Though it all starts with a love-match between Henry Cobb and Susan Pemmerton, and goes on with its devastation and rebuilding among the ruins, it is not in essence over-romantic; for Henry's father, Ralph Cobb, a shrewd business man, stands out as the most attractive personality of all those here depicted, with something to say which is strong and good and memorable whenever he opens his lips. There is no lachrymose element in his last letter, written to Mother Groves, of the Convent of the Sacred Heart, yet if you have tears, prepare to shed them now. . . . And even though there were nothing else for praise than the beautifully contrived little scene of Ralph's "baptism" by his adopted granddaughter, Anne, while she thinks he is asleep and knows he is soon to die, we could still recognise C. B. Flood as unmistakably a writer of quality, moving and sincere. It were foolish to say that his next novel should be an event: the event is here and now.

A NOTABLE teller of tales, Mr. Edward Hyams hauntingly recalls Anatole France, Aldous Huxley and Evelyn Waugh. But I was tantalised, throughout his collection of short stories, by yet another and nearer resemblance. *Who* had that same grotesque animal obsession, that wicked delight in shock tactics ? Then suddenly I fixed it: why, of course—*Saki*!

Like all effective satirists, Mr. Hyams is not unaware of compassion for his poor, futile, pompous little creatures in times of stress; and while an adept in the gentle art, not of making enemies (which may, however, be incidental) but of skinning hypocrites, he also understands the value of a bland understatement, of soft-pedalling his climaxes. In *Stories and Cream*, the cream of the stories display what we might call his idiosyncratic technique-by-contrast; as where *Staying in the Suburbs* has its irony economically covered by a title forecasting the fantastic occurrences which happen all the time in these tame monotonous regions.

There are moments during one's reading of another incredible extravaganza, *Frogs Die in Earnest*, when one wants to murmur cosily: "Whatever next, I wonder ? "; or after a dazed perusal of *A Friend of the Family* and *The Conservatory*: "Look here, Sir, isn't that a bit thick ? I mean to *say*——!"

I must confess to seeing no point in the story called *Spleen*, or—to mix metaphors—if it has a point, it cuts no ice. On the other hand, a little gem about Mr. Gunter, who (typical of the genus gardener) was "capable of taking pleasure in the beauties of nature only when they were improved by man," fully justifies the claim made that *Miracle on Plendros* is one of the finest short stories written in recent years.

ANGRAVE'S ALPHABET

J for Jargon

(*One pot less*)

YOUR LIBRARY LIST

GAEL THE SAILOR.
By Anne de Tourville. (*Putnam and Co.; 12s. 6d.*)

ONLY FADE AWAY.
By Bruce Marshall. (*Constable and Co.; 12s. 6d.*)

THE WHITEOAK BROTHERS.
By Mazo de la Roche. (*Macmillan and Co., Ltd.; 12s. 6d.*)

EIGHTEEN MONTHS.
By Anthony Heckstall-Smith, D.S.C.
(*Allan Wingate, Ltd.; 10s. 6d.*)

THE NARROWING CIRCLE.
By Julian Symons. (*Victor Gollancz, Ltd; 10s. 6d.*)

FOOTMAN IN POWDER.
By Helen Ashton. (*Collins; 12s. 6d.*)

Specially drawn for "THE SKETCH" by Anton.

Eli Wallach plays the interpreter, Sakini, who introduces the play and comments on the action with a compelling charm. Supple, lazy and inventive, Sakini represents the intellectual genius of Okinawa's Way of Life.

1. Plan B. Colonel Wainwright Purdy III. (John Bushelle) assigns the newly-arrived Captain Fisby (William Sylvester) to the village of Tobiki. He is to teach the villagers the American Way in accordance with the Pentagon's Plan B. Gaylord Cavallaro plays Sergeant Gregovitch.

"Sketch" Photo-Call

The Teahouse of the August Moon

JOHN PATRICK'S comedy is at Her Majesty's Theatre. Recently awarded a Pulitzer Prize in the United States, it cocks a gentle snook at the evangelistic fervour of the U.S.A., seeming to suggest that, while the "American Way" may be all very well in *its* way, there are a number of other possible "Ways" to live.

The small island of Okinawa has been conquered many times—by Japanese war-lords, by European missionaries, finally by the U.S. Army. In spite of this, its unhurried hedonistic life survives, and the Okinawans usually end by conquering their conquerors. *The Teahouse of the August Moon* shows what happens to an American captain sent to the village of Tobiki, in the north of the island, to build a school and educate the villagers. In fact, he builds a teahouse, and the villagers educate him.

Photographed by Peter Kaufman.

3. The first lesson. The villagers of Tobiki have welcomed Fisby with presents of cricket cages (crickets are lucky, but you have to catch your own), lacquer bowls and wooden sandals. Now for his lecture. Everything must be decided by the will of the majority, he instructs them.

6. The goat samples the village brandy. Attempts to sell cricket cages and the like to the American troops on the coast have failed. But Fisby and McLean discover that the villagers also make a much more marketable commodity. McLean has also gone native.

7. Now the village has a teahouse, in which Lotus Blossom can teach the Ladies for Democratic Action how to be geishas. The Army had ordered a school, but the will of the majority has prevailed. However, Colonel Purdy orders the teahouse to be torn down.

2. Hi ho, hi ho! it's off to work we go. Fisby departs for Tobiki by jeep. Everyone else seems to want to come as well, and, of course, they can't be expected to travel without the goat. It takes ten days to get to Tobiki by jeep, four to walk.

If Sakini is the island's presiding genius of intelligence, Lotus Blossom (Chin Yü) is the genius of beauty. She is a geisha girl, presented to Fisby as a Welcoming Gift. But such beauty can be disruptive as well as soothing.

4. Age and Beauty. Centuries of craftsmanship have gone to the making of the lacquer bowls of Mr. Oshira (Guy Kingsley Poynter : *left*). And only once in a century do men behold a being as beautiful as Lotus Blossom, whose conception of her duties bewilders her new master (*right*). But Captain Fisby is not yet too old to learn.

5. Captain McLean (Lionel Murton), an Army psychiatrist, is sent to check up on Fisby—who explains that the cricket cage doesn't yet have a cricket in it.

8. Lotus Blossom takes her leave of Fisby. She wants to marry him, but, he tells her, she might not be welcome in the U.S.A., where there is sometimes discrimination.

9. Happy ending. Let us not give away the rest of the plot by telling you how it comes about. But the teahouse is rebuilt, the brandy stills remain intact, Congress and Colonel Purdy are enchanted, and Lotus Blossom is to marry Tobiki's handsome young Minister of Agriculture and poet (Ralph Jessel).

DEAUVILLE RACETRACK.

WHITE PEONIES.

BOULEVARDE DU JARDIN EXOTIQUE.

CAB ON THE BOARDWALK.

The Art of Kees Van Dongen

A HIGHLY interesting exhibition covering fifty years of the work of the Netherlands painter, Kees Van Dongen, opens to-day (May 19th) at the Ohana Galleries, Carlos Place. Surprisingly enough, this is the first London show of this artist's paintings, although on the Continent his status is such that the Museum of Modern Art in Paris has for some time had its own Van Dongen room—a signal honour for any living artist.

Like Lautrec, Van Dongen comes from an aristocratic family. As a young man, he went to Paris to study art, and quickly became immersed in the strange and fascinating life of Montmartre. His first commissions included illustrations for books and cartoons for newspapers, but to make enough money to continue his studies he worked as a furniture mover and market porter, wrestled at fairs, sold newspapers in the streets, acted on the stage as an extra—and in 1900 was employed as a guide at the World Fair. This mode of existence continued until 1908, although from 1904 onwards his work was being shown in the galleries and his reputation was steadily growing.

At one time during that period he returned home. His family and friends were horrified at his paintings which depicted, naturally enough, the scenes and people of the area which had captured his imagination—dockers, sailors, street women, nudes, dancers, scenes in brothels, and the like. His work was fiercely realistic—the subjects favoured by Degas and Lautrec painted in the colours favoured by Van Gogh. "You should paint like Monet," they told him, but he painted his windmills and canals in the same violent colours. Their reaction to these sent him hurrying back to Paris, where he could follow his inclinations in peace.

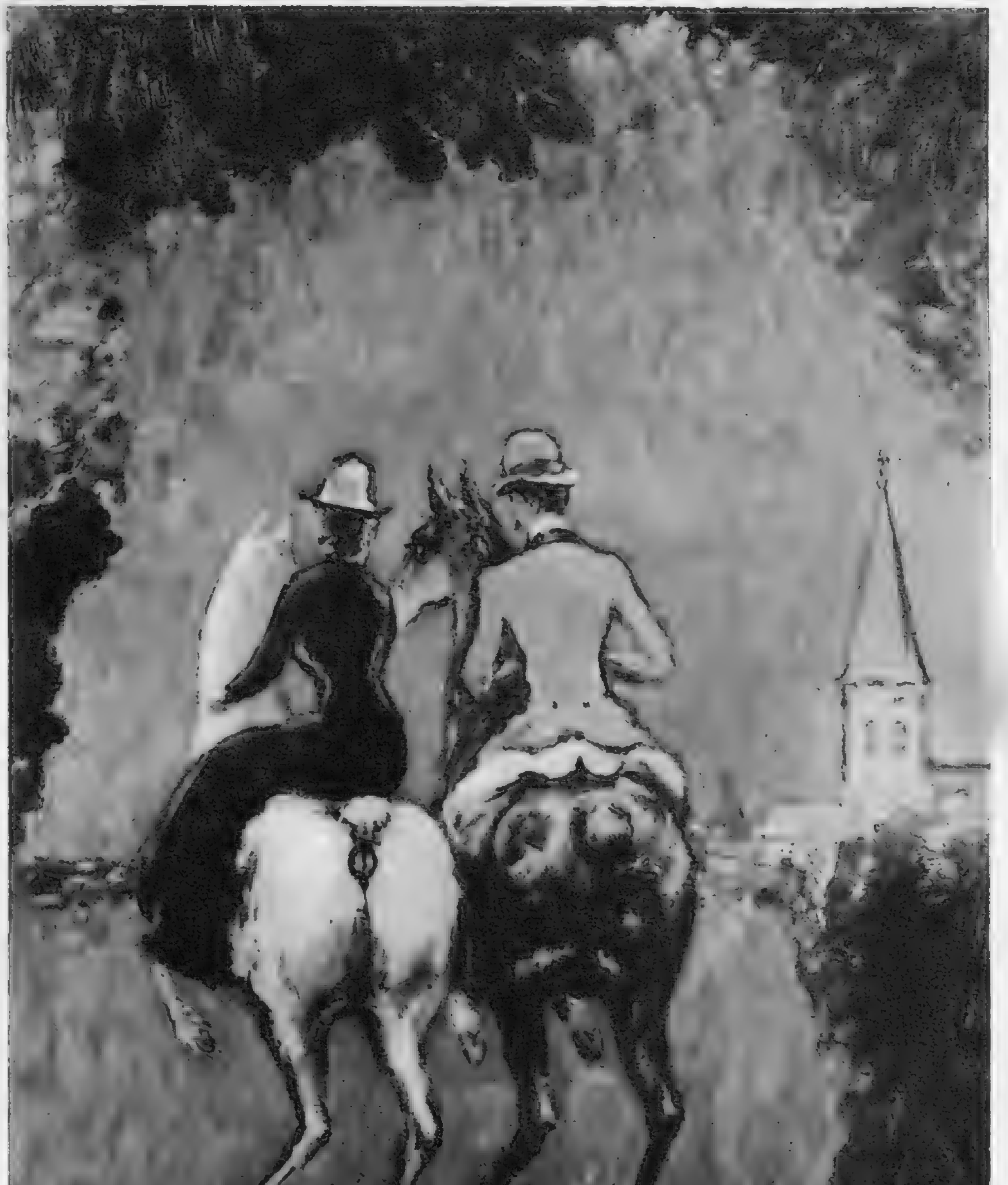
Even Matisse has never dared to put on canvas the extraordinary compositions and elliptical art favoured by Van Dongen, whose harmonies of colour and striking effects are, nevertheless, fraught with great emotional value. Since 1905 he has been a Fauve, but although his work can be classified in a definite school, it has always been essentially individualistic in style and to-day, at seventy-seven, his painting has lost none of the strength and vitality which have brought him such great honour in his own lifetime.

FIVE COWS AND AN APPLE-TREE.

THÉ DANSANT AT THE CANNES CASINO.

PORTRAIT OF JEAN-MARIE VAN DONGEN.

BUST OF YOUNG GIRL.



TWO RIDERS IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

AT THE THEATRE with J. C. TREWIN

Winter Words and Spring Song

The Dark is Light Enough
(*Aldwych*)

AS a poet wrote sixty years ago, "*The seasons change, the winds they shift and veer.*" Christopher Fry has now reached the third of his plays of the seasons. It was spring in *The Lady's Not for Burning*; autumn in *Venus Observed.* Now, in *The Dark is Light Enough*, it is winter, "a winter story." The language is in key. It is a snow-crystal play, not one of foaming blossom and leaf. Fry has never written with more beauty (and why should we be self-conscious about the word?) than in some of the speeches for his Countess, who is compassion incarnate, making her own way, faith and serenity unharmed, among what Shakespeare's Bastard called "the thorns and dangers of this world."

The title of the piece comes from Fabre on the flight of the butterfly to its goal in storm and darkness. "*So well it directs its tortuous flight that in spite of all the obstacles to be evaded, it arrives in a state of perfect freshness, its great wings intact. . . . The dark is light enough.*" These words apply to the Countess Rosmarin Ostenburg. We meet her at the end of her journey. It is the period of the Hungarian revolution of 1848–49 against the Austro-Hungarian empire. Many alarums, national and domestic, beat around the Countess; she keeps her path, retaining her impartiality, her serenity, her belief in the brotherhood of man, her love of "an earth which has entertained me," and of all dwellers upon the earth.

She is not an icy symbol. She is gay, brave, wise. She has lived: and she lives superbly now, on the Aldwych stage, where Dame Edith Evans shows how a major artist can irradiate a theatre until you wonder why there is need for other illumination. Dame Edith has always defied the blanket of the dark.

One phrase of the Countess has fastened itself so firmly in the mind that it will come out whenever I speak of this play. Simply:

Music would unground us best,
As a tide in the dark comes to boats
at anchor,
And they begin to dance.

I think of it because Fry has always set the imagination dancing. In the renaissance of dramatic poetry he is still, I hold, the only true dramatic poet, able to satisfy both ear and mind. In *The Dark is Light Enough* he finds a stronger plot than usual; but all must rest upon the Countess, a woman Fry loves as much as she has loved life. Edith Evans is the quintessence of fearless compassion: I suggest that all with any feeling for a player's craft, for phrasing, timing, and projection, should observe her speech on freedom to the Hungarian Colonel, and the last twenty minutes of the night, with the Countess in her chair.

Margaret Johnston acts with clear decision; Peter Brook's production is masterful; and my only worry is with Fry's occasional struggle to get across an exact shade of meaning (As Kassel said of the Countess, "*I have . . . found her handwriting to be her way, not of giving but of withholding information*"). It is here only a small point, for the effect of the play is unmistakable. It will be argued about, as usual, but I prophesy that it will survive all argument.

Romeo and Juliet
(*Stratford-upon-Avon*)

WINTER to spring: Shakespeare's spring song and that of the Veronese lovers. I am afraid that I have to report another undistinguished performance in a Stratford season for which little goes right. The best thing about this revival is its pace. It hurtles along, but the speech lacks music. The setting is a bare, spindly framework: Verona needs warmth, and this Stratford version chills the air. One performance at least is amply true: William Devlin's Capulet, fussy, blustering, touched at the last to grief and dignity. Keith Michell has a useful dart at Tybalt. For the rest, I will not multiply disappointments.

Of the lovers, Zena Walker, very young, very ardent, has quality that must develop. She is the strongest in the Potion scene; elsewhere she cannot shake off a certain anxious correctness. The emotion does not come through. At the première Laurence Harvey's Romeo was audible but superficial. We know that Glen Byam Shaw is a Shakespearean director of the first rank, but this company is not up to its task. Never mind: I am still hopeful about the next two productions.

Photo.: Dorothy Wilding.

A HAPPY JUBILEE: On May 31st Dame Sybil Thorndike, who—with Sir Lewis Casson—heads the Thorndike-Casson clan that has been called the Royal Family of the modern theatre, celebrates the fiftieth anniversary of her appearance on the stage. The occasion is an all-star matinée (Her Majesty's). Besides this tribute to a great and endearing player, the matinée—attended by the Queen Mother—will mark the jubilee of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art and the centenary of Sir Herbert Tree's birth (he was born in December 1852). The Variety Club of Great Britain are the sponsors; tickets, five guineas to five shillings.

The Manor of Northstead
(*Duchess*)

AND what season is this? With the miraculous A. E. Matthews in mind, I would say spring lingering in the lap of winter; certainly there is no touch of frost. Matthews is again the Earl of Lister we met in *The Chiltern Hundreds*—the new play is also by William Douglas Home—and he carries the night as easily as Dame Edith governs the Aldwych. He does it by sitting, genially loquacious, in the living-room of a Scottish fishing-lodge (on the Isle of Whisk) and remembering fellow after fellow.

The conversation swoops and swirls around him. Gentle and determined, Lister-Matthews takes very little notice. "I knew a fellow once——," he murmurs; and, as the story expands, it turns out that the fellow was an Attaché at St. Petersburg whose pram (in youth, not at St. Petersburg) had been struck by lightning, or else another fellow who was given to painting butterflies on paperweights. Why? That's not the point: the point is that Lister knew the fellow and wants us to know him. About the Earl the charades purr blandly: it is some time before we hear who won the election for the Outer Isles, and who applied for the Manor of Northstead. The candidates are old friends: Bessie Beecham, Viscount Pym, Lady Cleghorn. And as at Lister Castle, so at Whisk—behind Lord Lister is that prop-and-stay of the family, Beecham the butler, impersonated now with sonorous relish by Charles Heslop.

Two for a Laugh

THE FACTS OF LIFE (Duke of York's).—Roger MacDougall's new comedy tries to stretch one tenuous idea across a whole evening. For me the elastic snapped early, though the author managed to knot the ends together for a few minutes in the last scene. Let me say that Alec Clunes and Avice Landone lavish their charm on parents—an actor and his wife—who find their fourteen-year-old boy (Lance Secretan) quite impossible to understand. Lance Secretan is a winning child; I hope that the stammer he is obliged, unhappily, to assume, will be modified.

INTIMACY AT EIGHT-THIRTY (Criterion).—This young, hearty, and cheerfully impudent revue has arrived, much-altered, from the Lindsey, and ought still to be about at this time next year. Observe Joan Sims as a *femme fatale* station-announcer, and "From Bed to Verse" (Mr. Eliot! Forward, please!), in which David Climie's pen is scimitar-sharp.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.

WELCOME BACK

Making a very welcome return to the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, on May 21st, is lovely prima ballerina Violetta Elvin. The mishap which caused Miss Elvin's enforced absence from the stage occurred in November last year when she was appearing with the rest of the Sadler's Wells touring company in Vancouver. While dancing in *Homage to the Queen*, she tore a muscle in her foot, and since then has spent all her time in exercising and having hospital treatment for her injury. For this first reappearance Miss Elvin has surprised her associates by choosing to dance what is probably the most exacting of one-act ballets, Balanchine's *Ballet Imperial*, the only work of that prolific choreographer in the Sadler's Wells' repertoire. On the following Friday, May 28th, she will be essaying her first full-length rôle again as Princess Aurora in *The Sleeping Beauty*.

TONGA. The Queen was entertained by Queen Salote, whom so many Coronation spectators remember affectionately. Her Majesty walks over a carpet of tapa cloth to the feast house. The Tongan women sit, and not stand, as a mark of respect.

SOME HAPPY MEMORIES

NEW ZEALAND: Christmas Day 1953, and Santa Claus comes to the door rather than down the chimney.

We devote these pages to happy photographs taken from our album of the Royal Tour. We have not chosen the solemn moments, grand occasions, the presentation of keys or inspection of regiments. Instead we have looked for little, warm, revealing occasions—a small child wanders on to the Royal dais at Queensland ; the boys and girls of Malta present a gift to Prince Charles . . . the happy moments we all like to remember.

NORTHERN VICTORIA: Her Majesty carries the Sundowner, a Waltzing Matilda made by Girl Guides.

QUEENSLAND: Little Narelle Dick wants to kiss the Queen. Chief Inspector Clark takes her back to mother.

THE COCOS ISLANDS. The Queen and Prince Philip watch a Welcoming Dance.

CEYLON. Her Majesty and the Duke visit the Ceylon Navy ship H.M.Cy.S. *Vijaya* at Colombo.

ENTEBBE, UGANDA. A bouquet is presented by little Beata Kabasindi. Sir Andrew Cohen looks on.

MALTA. The two Royal children are helped ashore from the Royal barge at a quiet wharf.

OF THE ROYAL TOUR

MALTA. Her Majesty receives the present of a toy horse and carriage from the children of Malta to Prince Charles.

GOZO, MALTA. The island of Gozo is the last of those in the Malta archipelago.

(Continued overleaf)

SOME HAPPY MEMORIES OF THE ROYAL TOUR—(continued)

GIBRALTAR. Prince Charles and Princess Anne keep their sailor escorts busy answering questions aboard the Royal yacht as the Queen, who has just landed from the *Britannia* with the Duke of Edinburgh, inspects the guard of honour on the quayside at Gibraltar at the beginning of the last stage of the Royal Tour.

The Royal children are delighted with the famous Barbary apes. Here, Major A. C. James, the officer-in-charge of all the apes on the Rock, holds a bag of peanuts while Prince Charles and Princess Anne set about making friends with one of them.

High above the town, the Queen and the Duke also meet the famous apes. Gunner Portlock, keeper of the apes, holds one of them, and Major James's efforts to entice another into the picture obviously amuse the Duke and Lady MacMillan, wife of Gibraltar's Governor.

HOME FROM THE SEA

Home is Her Majesty—home from the sea to the Heart of the Empire and the hearts of her loyal subjects. The Royal yacht is shown here as, at 1.25 p.m. on Saturday, May 15th, 1954, it steamed under Tower Bridge and into London city.

[*Continued overleaf.*

ABOARD THE LAUNCH: From the *Britannia* the Royal party proceeded upstream by launch to Westminster Pier. Her Majesty kept a hand on Prince Charles, who was most eager to see all that was going on. Princess Anne, on the opposite side, was more cautious.

THE FIRST FOOTSTEP ON ENGLISH SOIL: At Westminster Pier Her Majesty stepped on to dry English land. She was followed by the Royal children, and by the Duke of Edinburgh. Once more, the Queen was home among her people.

BEFORE THE PROCESSION: After disembarking, Her Majesty chatted with other members of the Royal Family before driving through the crowded streets to the Palace. The group included Princess Margaret, the Princess Royal, the Queen Mother, the Duchess of Gloucester, the Duchess of Kent, the Duke of Gloucester, and (*left*) Viscount Waverley, chairman of the Port of London Authority.

THE END OF THE JOURNE

IN SIGHT OF HOME: Driving through the gates of Buckingham Palace, Her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh caught their first real glimpse of home, after their tour of 50,000 miles. Caught in this moment of happiness must have been the memory of many other happy moments during the long journey about the Commonwealth.

Y: FROM PIER TO PALACE

[Continued overleaf

FROM THE BALCONY

Her Majesty appeared, in accordance with a long tradition, on the balcony of Buckingham Palace, marking, as it were, the end of a State occasion. The Queen, the Duke and the children were on the balcony for four minutes before retiring into the Palace. Our picture shows the two Royal children waving to a crowd, thick as ants, that thronged outside the Palace gates. Once again the people of London expressed, in their persons, the feelings of the nation at the safe homecoming of their Sovereign.

BERYL, by Lawrence Gowing (oil ; 145 guineas) : at the Leger Galleries, 13, Old Bond Street.

LA MAISON DU BATEAU, by Paulemile Pissarro (oil ; £90) : at the Ohana Gallery, 13, Carlos Place.

Left :
LE PICADOR, by Pablo Picasso (wash drawing ; Sold) : at the Lefevre Gallery, 30, Bruton Street.

Right :
A MAN TAKEN ILL, by L. S. Lowry (oil ; 100 guineas) : at the Leger Galleries, 13, Old Bond Street.

NEWCASTLE LANDSCAPE, SPRING, by Roger de Grey (oil ; £65) : at Thomas Agnew and Sons, Ltd., 43, Old Bond Street.

Around the Art Galleries

An exhibition entitled "*The New Realism in English Art,*" from which we reproduce two paintings, will run at the Leger Galleries until May 29th ; the paintings of Roger de Grey may be seen at Agnew's until May 22nd. A display of Picasso's recent work at the Lefevre Gallery has been the subject of much comment, and will run until the end of May. At the Ohana Gallery, "*Three Generations of Pissarros*" has just been replaced by the Van Dongen exhibition, which is separately reviewed for our readers on pages 450-451 of this issue.

"Please Forward": by Joyce Dennys.

The Play's the Thing . . .

MY DEAR ROBERT,

Not very long ago I got an idea for a Play. It came to me suddenly in the middle of the night, and the next morning I rushed out directly after breakfast and bought an enormous packet of foolscap paper. It was such lovely paper—smooth and shiny and lined with pale blue; it seemed a shame to spoil it with writing. But the idea for my Play was seething and bubbling in my brain and I knew I should have no rest until it was released in a hissing cloud, like steam from a railway engine, so I lit the gas-fire in my bedroom and settled down to work.

It was rather frustrating to find my fountain-pen had gone dry and the ink-bottle in Charles's desk was empty. I rushed round to Lady B.'s.

"Lady B.! Lady B.!"

"Henrietta, you look very wild. What is the matter?"

"I want ink."

"Is that all?" said Lady B., and she produced an enormous bottle of blue-black. I grabbed it and made for the door.

Inspiration descended upon me . . .

"Henrietta, what are you up to?"

"I am writing a Play."

"Good gracious, how exciting! You 'll make an enormous fortune, like Terence Rattigan. What is it about?"

"No time now!" I shouted as I ran down the garden path. "I 'll read it to you when it 's done!"

When I got back the gas-fire had gone out. I cannot feel that Charles's idea for a gas-meter has turned out well. As I couldn't find a shilling and it was a very cold day, I boiled the electric kettle, filled my hot-water bottle and got into bed.

As soon as I took my pen in hand Inspiration descended upon me. Witty dialogue, tense situations, unexpected twists and breath-taking Curtains chased each other round and round in my seething brain. It was plain the steam was not escaping quickly enough and any minute I might become the victim of spontaneous combustion. I got writer's cramp and laid my aching right hand on my hot-water bottle and wrote with my left.

Soon after one o'clock I became aware of Charles in the room. "Henrietta, why are you in bed? Are you ill?"

"Henrietta, you look very wild."

"I am writing a Play, Charles."

"Dear me!"

"A successful play can make a fortune for its author. Look at what R. Delderfield got from *Worm's Eye View*!"

"I shan't enjoy the fortune if I die of starvation first. Are we to have no luncheon?"

Charles and I had a rather hurried and disagreeable meal of cold mutton, and I returned to my bed, my hot-water bottle and my Play.

At 6 o'clock Evensong said reproachfully, "You haven't washed up the breakfast."

"Haven't I?" I said, blinking at her.

"Or the lunch," said Evensong still more reproachfully, "and the Wash has been and the Boiler 's out."

When Charles came home, I tottered downstairs, and asked for a strong drink.

"Henrietta, you know we said we 'd only have drinks on Saturdays."

"I am drained, Charles, and the Play will pay for everything."

"In that case," said Charles, "I 'll have one too."

After that I more or less devoted my life to my Play, and Charles took to having luncheon with Lady B. He said his home life was practically ruined, and when I wasn't actually writing I was muttering, but if the Play was really going to run for five years he was prepared to put up with a little inconvenience.

At last the day came when the Play was finished. I wrote CURTAIN and drew a thick line underneath, and went down to the chemist and bought myself a tonic.

The next thing was to get my Play typed. I couldn't bring myself to trust the manuscript to the post, even if it was registered, so I mounted the bus and took it to a Typewriting Agency in our Cathedral City. The Lady in the office looked sensible and honest, but it was with deep forebodings that I delivered the Child of my Brain into the hands of strangers.

"Do you sleep in this building?" I asked anxiously.

"Good gracious, no!"

"What will happen to my Play when you go home at night?"

"It will stay here," said the Typing Lady, adding kindly, when she saw my look of dismay. "It will be quite safe—we lock everything up."

"Suppose there was a fire?"

The Typing Lady gave me a pitying smile, and undid the parcel. She sighed a little as she turned the pages.

"I wrote parts of it with my left hand."

"Yes. We 'll manage somehow."

I felt my eyes filling with tears. It was just like the day I left the Linnet at her boarding-school for the first time. There was nothing to do but come away; but I couldn't sleep that night for worrying, and in the morning I rang up the Agency to know if my Play was safe. The Typing Lady replied crisply that it was.

After that I rang up every day, like somebody enquiring for a friend in a Nursing Home, and at the end of a week I mounted the bus again and went to the Agency with a bunch of flowers for the Typing Lady, just to jolly her along. She said the work was progressing nicely.

"Do you like it?" I said, getting rather red and shuffling with my feet.

"Very much. Especially the bit where the funny man gets locked in the cupboard with his mother-in-law."

I said my Play was about the French Revolution, and the Typing Lady apologised and said a great many manuscripts passed through their hands.

One day I got a letter to say my Play was typed and once again, this time with a beating heart, I mounted the bus. It was waiting for me on the counter—eight beautiful copies bound in blue, with "STORM CLOUDS," by Henrietta Browne, typed in big letters on the outsides, with a row of semi-colons underneath for decoration. The Typing Lady received me kindly, tied the eight copies and the original manuscript up in a parcel, accepted a cheque for ten pounds and wished me luck. She said she was sure my Play would be a success; one of the typists had been found reading it during lunch.

I hurried back to the bus, my Play clasped in my arms like a new-born babe. All the way home I was planning what I would do when the cheques began rolling in. Fifty new rose-bushes for the garden—a new suit for Charles and a holiday for both of us, and Lady B. too, in the South of France—a new evening dress for the Linnet and winter coats for the children—a rise in wages for Evensong and at Christmas a tremendous, regardless, scintillating, epoch-making PARTY.

Lost in happy speculation, the journey passed in a flash and it wasn't until I was opening our front door that I remembered I 'd left my Play in the bus!

Always your affectionate
Childhood's Friend,
HENRIETTA.

I remembered . . .

Personality Parade—20

LORD MACKINTOSH OF HALIFAX

Photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.

"The right man for the job"—the phrase was invented for men like Lord Mackintosh of Halifax, chairman since 1946 of the National Savings Committee. Chancellors of the Exchequer may come and go—he has served under six of them to date—but the National Savings Movement looks like going on for ever, and Lord Mackintosh will undoubtedly be at the helm for a very long time to come. He joined the movement in 1940, bringing to it a profound belief in the value of its aims, coupled with a probably unparalleled record of success in the publicity field. The movement flourished, and now the membership—then an estimated 1½ millions—has risen to 8 millions, and in the last fourteen years some £20,000 millions have been banked through National Savings. So much for the Lord Mackintosh the public knows—but this is only one facet of the man. His activities include the management of his now world-wide family business, presidency of the World Sunday School Association, valuable work for numerous charities and a host of other interests, including banking, building-societies, writing, cattle-breeding, and collecting: his Staffordshire pottery is renowned, and so are his paintings by eighteenth-century English artists. He lives in Essex, but his home town of Halifax has made him a Freeman, and he wears his soft Yorkshire accent proudly—an invisible white rose in his buttonhole. A kindly man with immense strength of character, quietly confident of the value of the work he is doing: that is Lord Mackintosh of Halifax—"the right man for the job."

AT THE CINEMA with C. A. LEJEUNE

Idylls of the Prince

Prince Valiant
(*Carlton*)

IT won't be Hollywood's or CinemaScope's fault if the present generation remains in ignorance of the story of King Arthur and his Table Round—some story, at any rate. *Knights of the Round Table* has arrived in London; meanwhile we can swot up our Arthurian history with *Prince Valiant*, which derives from an American comic strip, and looks like it.

Prince Valiant (Val to his cronies) is a young Viking, son of an exiled King of Scandia, who has found refuge with his parents in King Arthur's Britain. We meet him first as he is taking off for Camelot by coracle, to become a knight and redress his father's wrongs.

His journey is not without incident. Parking his coracle, he climbs a cliff, and overhears a sinister plot laid on the beach by a mysterious Black Knight and a hush-hush party of Viking intruders, who undertake to send a thousand armed men to invade Britain, if Val and his parents are returned to store. This annoys the young Prince so much that he falls off the cliff on top of the conspirators, who chase him up a tree and under water. (Val is an expert birds'-nester, and knows the trick of breathing through a hollow reed.) Surviving, he is so incensed against knights in general, that he throws a stone at the next one who passes. This happens to be Sir Gawain (generally referred to as Surr G'wain), to whom, recovering from his stupor, he introduces himself as Prince Valiant. "Fine prince *you* turned out to be, flinging rocks," grumbles that gruff but lion-hearted champion. "Pull yourself together, boy."

Sir G'wain's roar, however, is worse than his bite, and he kindly takes Val along with him to Camelot, and personally introduces him to King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. One of these, called Sir Brack, immediately arouses our suspicions, by talking very English like James Mason engaged in one of his smoother bits of villainy, and looking just like the Black Knight without his headgear. These suspicions prove only too true.

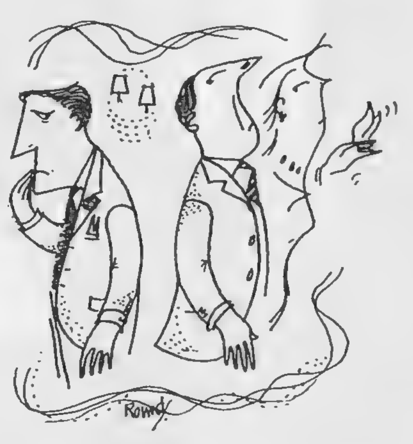
Sir Brack demands the new boy as his squire, but Sir G'wain gets him. After an exhaustive course in tilting, fighting with sword and mace ("Your footwork is terrible," says his teacher) and shooting at the butts, Val is not only proficient, but getting a little uppish. Following the Hollywood tradition of disobeying orders, he goes off on a solitary expedition with Sir Brack, and only escapes death by drowning in a pond because a couple of princesses, one blonde and the other brunette, are taking a dip there in the altogether.

Val falls in love with the blonde, who nurses him back to health in her father's castle, but it turns out that Sir Brack wants the young lady, too. The result is that, during a general turn-up at Camelot for the Olympic Games, both Val and his blonde are kidnapped and sent to Scandia; where the Prince learns that his captured parents are about to be publicly executed by non-Christian Vikings. For a short time the film seems to get mixed up with *Quo Vadis*, but Val's prowess as a climber stands him in good stead. He manages to make a rope out of his prison mattress, climb to the top storey of the castle, slit open bags of oil which promptly ignite on the non-Christian torches, and, with the help of a sturdy Christian minority, drive the infidels out of Scandia and restore the throne to its legitimate owner. After this, it is mere child's-play for him to return to Camelot, publicly accuse Sir Brack of treachery, and beat him in single combat all over and about the Table Round.

"Child's-play" is the meet word for *Prince Valiant*. This is, essentially, a film for children. The dialogue is naïve—the plot incredible; the history dubious; the characters are fixed (except in the case of James Mason, who really strives, poor soul, to create an individual from his villain) in the cartoon tradition. Yet there is something innocent about the film which makes it hard for one to take exception to it. As a showpiece for CinemaScope, it is exceptionally good, with its soft colours and its wide, sweeping views of beach and headland. (Most of the exteriors, incidentally, were shot in Wales and Scotland.) And there is a lot of secret fun to be got out of its artless eccentricities; the loudspeaker installation at Camelot's Olympia; and Prince Valiant's magic sword, which sings, when thoroughly warmed up in combat, with full benefit of stereophonic sound.

GASTRO—LYRIC

By Justin Richardson



GARLIC

Garlic's taste is briefest pleasure,
Eat in haste, repent at leisure.
Garlic's like the poor, like sorrow:
Here to-day, and here to-morrow.

Henriette
(*Cameo-Polytechnic*)

JULIEN DUVIVIER'S new film is not only charming, friendly and gay, but a complete novelty. We often hear of a picture being "shot off the cuff," but this is the first time I remember seeing one that is deliberately made up as it goes along. The nearest thing with which one can compare it is Pirandello's play, *Six Characters in Search of an Author*. Julien Duvivier and his writing partner, Henri Jeanson, have reversed the process. In *Henriette* they confront the audience with two authors in search of a story.

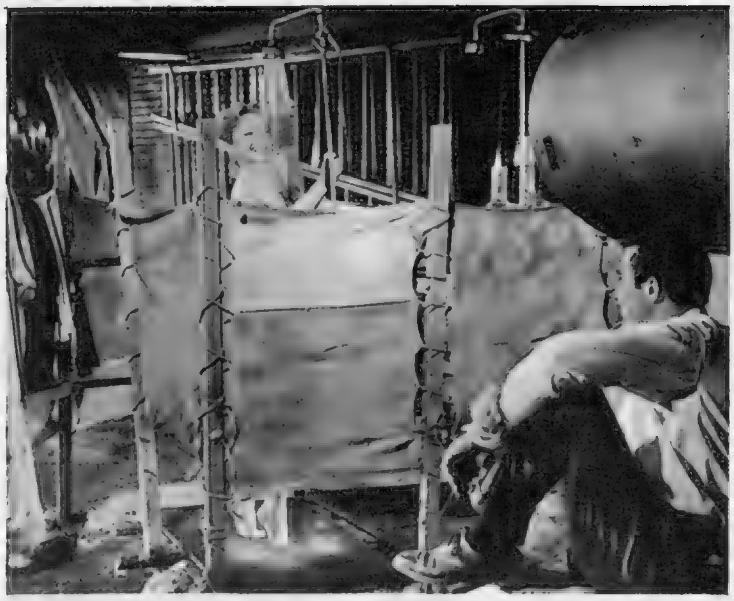
Both these authors (Henri Cremieux and Louis Seigner) are experienced screenwriters, but they believe in quite different things. One, a large, kindly man, likes film-stories to be simple, with boy-and-girl romance, fresh air, gentle sentiment, friendly people, and background music that recalls one's first love-affair. The other, short, quick and highly-strung, demands Drama before everything; sordid background, hot passion, violent crime, desperate pursuits, and death to all.

They have retired into the country with a script-girl to work on the film in peace, but there is nothing peaceful about their collaboration. With difficulty they agree upon a scene and time: Paris on the Fourteenth of July. They allow that the heroine (Dany Robin) shall be called Henriette, since the national holiday is also the Feast of St. Henriette; that she shall be a little seamstress, one of a hundred working girls in Paris, in love with a young man named Robert (Michel Roux), a press-photographer.

But the blood-and-thunder writer insists upon adding a *femme fatale* (Hildegarde Neff) and a villain (Michel Auclair), who starts with the pleasant name of Marcel, and presently turns into Maureece (with a hiss). Maureece shall be a thief, they both agree; but a sympathetic one, says Author Number One; a brute, says Author Number Two.

Whatever each writer in turn conceives is shown to us on the screen. When the first is in charge, the picture is gentle, delicate and clear. When his colleague momentarily takes over, the scene becomes madly top-tilted; the pace is stepped up, the shots are shrouded in a sinister murk. The characters appear, go through their acting, disappear, and come back to play the same scene in quite a different way. Gradually, through a series of fantastic attempts, corrections and re-trials, *Henriette* becomes a film under our very eyes.

On paper, this sounds like a muddle. On celluloid, it is a novelty and a joy. *Henriette* is much more than the satire on films and film-making it superficially appears to be. There is philosophy in it, and human kindness; it shows the way that different people look at the same things, and gently advances a mild claim for the more normal outlook. In one thing it remains consistent. In spite of all twists and turnings, there's always Henriette; as allowed by both authors, and played by Dany Robin, a darling of a girl.



There 's no business like show business, and ex-pickpocket Willie (Anne Baxter) discovers she can't even have a shower in private. Watching her is Joe (Steve Cochran), a barker in the show.

High-diving star Frank (Lyle Bettger), Willie's husband, takes violent exception when Joe makes love to her. Peggy (Helene Stanley) and Charley (Jay C. Flippen) look on in approval of Frank's actions.

Lovely star of the show is Anne Baxter, who plays the part of a waif who has turned to petty thievery for a living. There is plenty of love interest in this story : Anne is the object of the affections of four men at one and the same time !

Frank has been killed in a diving accident and rumour blames his death on Willie, who attempts a particularly daring dive and has an accident herself. Bill Vines (George Nader) sympathises with her.

Back at the circus again, Willie is visited by Joe. She tells him she no longer has any feeling for him and, enraged, he hits her, tells her that he was responsible for Frank's death, and threatens to involve her in the murder.

CARNIVAL STORY

R.K.O.'s Technicolor film *Carnival Story* opened at the Leicester Square Theatre on May 13th. The film is a triumph for Anne Baxter, who has one of her biggest starring rôles to date in it, and is supported by Steve Cochran, Lyle Bettger and George Nader. Kurt Neumann directed the film, which was made in Munich and the Bavarian Alps and filmed in two versions—the English-speaking one starring Anne Baxter, and a German-speaking one starring Eva Bartok.

We Take Off Our Hat To . . .

Below:

THE RACING CLUB DE FRANCE: For Keeping Their Legs Dry in a Water Ballet.

These feet are French!—could you tell? They belong to the girls of the Racing Club de France, rehearsing for a ballet display at the Seymour Hall Bath, Marylebone, early this month.

Above:

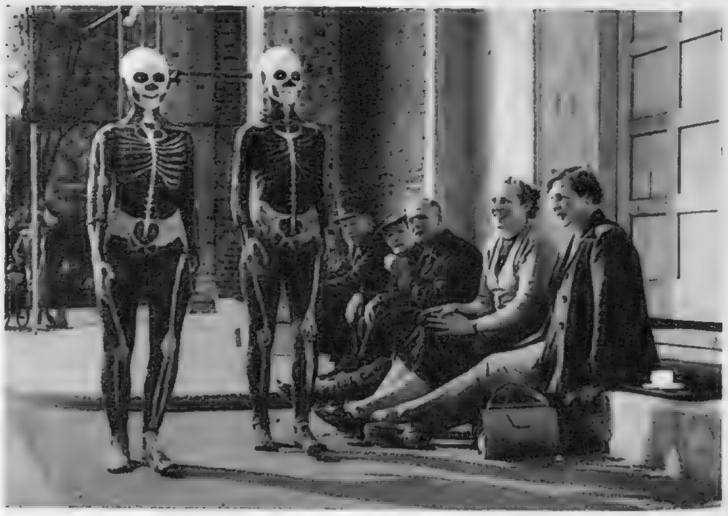
A HAT: For Portability.

We don't often take off our hat to a hat, but this beach hat (under which you can see the legs of Miss Fiona Barlow) is a hat of hats. Before putting it on, you blow it up; deflated, it can fold into a match-box—a handy place to carry it, if you happen to be a non-smoker! Manufactured in this country, it was exhibited at the British Industries Fair.

Above:

OSCAR QUITAK: For Providing the Lowest-Priced Theatre Seats in England.

Mr. Quitak is the Director of the Under Thirty Theatre Group. Founded in 1947, the group has presented experimental plays in the West End, and has played repertory seasons in Leatherhead, Hythe and Frinton-on-Sea. Now it has begun a season in London itself, at the Camberwell Palace, which, with a top price of 3s. 6d., must surely offer the cheapest theatre seats in England.



THE "QUICK" . . . . . . and . . . THE "DEAD"

Roger Bannister, medico and Oxford athlete, on May 6th squeezed the World Record for the mile down to 3 mins. 59.4 secs., winning his event in a match between Oxford University and the A.A.A. at the Iffley Road Track, Oxford. Our picture shows the finish of the race, as the judges, with dignified enthusiasm, consult their stop-watches.

Pearl Eldridge and Gwen Standing came to the Brighton Music Festival in a grisly costume—those girls ain't dead, and they won't lie down! They took second place in the 10–14 years Age Group for a dance to the tune of "Dry Bones." We imagine that their paint-boxes don't have a lick of ivory white left in them, but, in the Cause of Art, any sacrifice is worth while.

BRIGHT YOUNG MEN OF THE THEATRE—8: JOHN STRATTON

John Stratton's bookshelves betray a catholic taste—Winston Churchill and Denton Welch, *The Four Quartets* and *The Loved One*. It is a catholicity reflected both in his catalogue of parts—from the early *No Trees in the Street* (for Basil Dean, when it was still an Arts Council enterprise) to the delicacy of Anouilh's *Colombe* in 1951—and in enthusiasms which range from tennis to the collection of Staffordshire pottery sailors. His theatrical history began with a traditional defiance of family disapproval; at the age of seventeen he was helped into repertory by the headmaster of his school. His war service was in the Navy, and a performance in a special naval matinée of *Where the Sun Shines* at the Globe led, after demobilisation, to a succession of jobs in films (notably *The Cruel Sea*) and plays. After the tour of *Someone Waiting* ends in June, he plans a holiday in the South of France, "to lie in the sun, turn lobster-red, and peel." We shall hope for another distinguished, if bright red, performance on his return.

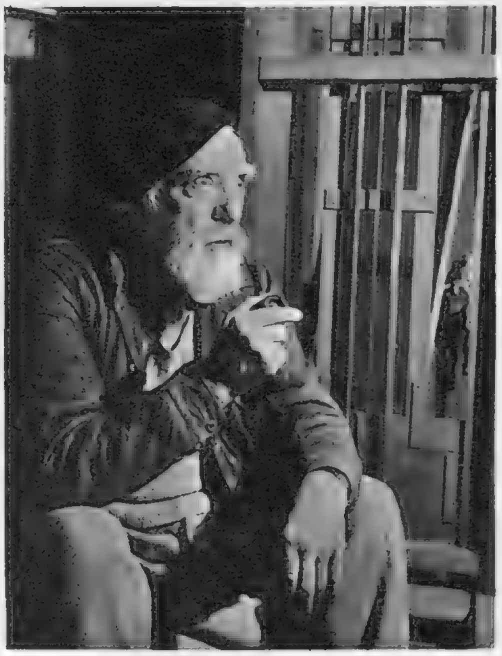
Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.

Strictly Biographical: 9. By Louis T. Stanley

Augustus John, O.M.

I FOUND Fryern Court, the Hampshire home of Augustus John, expressive of the artist himself. The house had a fascination of its own. The garden was wild yet tended, with overgrown box-hedges and mossy paths. To one side the house looked over meadows . . . only the rooks, strutting and fluttering, suggested life . . . everything else was as idle as a plough at the furrow's end. Beyond a tall Elizabethan wall, with its swelling bays, lay an orchard planted for the eye's delight each spring. In fact, everything about the house was there to please the eye, and through the eye to rouse a pensive wonder. Everything was designed by one who knew that Time is an artist, and knew the secret of creating beauty . . . choose well, then let alone.

The spring wind was fluttering the daffodils at their roots, and blustering in their fading tops as we walked through the orchard to the studio. It will be a long time before I forget our short encounter, and the conversation that took place. Augustus John is one of the most astonishing figures I have met. He has the kind of manners which improve those of a visitor beyond recognition. His face was already familiar to me, for his photograph is not easy to forget. His eyes were fierce and accusatory, but their fire was mitigated by deep lines of character. The length of his head from chin to crown impressed me, and this was accentuated by the beard, which a backward carriage of his head on broad shoulders projected forwards. Beetling eyebrows, prominent nose and hunched shoulders gave him a more hawk-like look than even his photograph had suggested.



Though it would be absurd on the strength of an hour or two of conversation to pronounce upon John's preferences, still I did get an impression that originality of mind in an individual counted for little with him, if unaccompanied by an æsthetic sense. He reminded me of a man who disliked and distrusted introspection. The type who is more or less happy when being praised; not very uncomfortable when being abused; but has moments of uneasiness when being explained: characteristics that daunt anyone who would attempt to expound him. It is not that such a person fears to be unveiled, but he knows what clever misconceptions are likely to be proclaimed as discoveries. As in the case of some other men of subtle intellect, John's feelings are probably a great deal simpler than people find it easy to believe.

Augustus John is one of the most remarkable of all English artists. The unrestrained originality of his conceptions, the gusto of his execution, and the variety of his production make him an artist who cannot be ignored even by those whom he does not attract. No artist, perhaps, ever delighted and disquieted his contemporaries more than Augustus John. No other man has conquered and bewildered them so completely by his rugged charm. His work is not the result of an intellectual absorption from outside, but the spontaneous expression of his personality. It is the tremendous gusto with which he experiences life that makes his art so vigorously healthy.

On the other hand, honesty compels the admission that Augustus John's work is not to every taste. I went to the Royal Academy Exhibition of his work which now fills the four rooms on an upper floor which used to be known as the Gibson and Diploma Galleries. In the north gallery I overheard . . . actually, I was intended to overhear . . . a well-known critic refer to a canvas as hideous. I challenged the assertion. In the subsequent discussion it was obvious that it had been inspired by a blatant prejudice. He found it hideous because it was not like the other pictures that he always admired: it had not that particular beauty nor that particular form of resemblance to life to which he was accustomed. Therefore he believed it must be hideous. He forgot the elementary fact that John does not paint like other artists whom we admire. In his portraits he is the artist first, and only secondly the portraitist. Whatever the subject which comes under his brush, the significant thing is the painting of it. It is not of primary importance æsthetically that the likeness should express the sitter, but that the painting expresses Augustus John.

It would be interesting to assess the formative influences of John's Slade days. While he was there he met Wilson Steer, Ambrose McEvoy, William Orpen and Ida Nettleton—the lady who was later to become his first wife. But it is difficult to-day to picture the pre-war conditions in which he studied at the Slade. It was an extremely interesting time, and yet the age was essentially dull; feelings and interest were abnormal in æsthetic, intellectual and social matters; yet everyone was enveloped in a pall of stagnation; change was regarded with horror, yet all felt something was coming. Women had discovered their sex, yet it could not be realised that they were approximately half the population of the world. The internal-combustion engine had not yet changed the face of the earth, though it was apparent it was about to shrink it. The Channel had been crossed by air, yet the sea still kept this country in a state of isolation and Dreadnoughts were the only political thoughts; and in this silence before the storm could be heard the vague rumblings of guns. In this lull after so many summer days, the nerves of a placid people were really taut. This consciousness, vaguely felt by all, of an impending disaster, accounted for the abnormal opposition shown to any form of experiment, and accounted for the Slade students' adoption of a priggish attitude of superiority towards all affairs and all conditions that affected their lives. Of works of art, every nerve was strained, not only by criticism, but by the public in general, to make a *bon mot*, displaying not the wit of the 'nineties, but a blathering buffoonery.

The Slade students in those days had divorced themselves from all contemporary thought and fashion: largely through the leadership of Augustus John, they had adopted a form of Bohemianism, a pose which was at the same time a protection and prevented diversion of thought from the study of drawing and painting, which was pursued with an earnestness and sincerity unknown in any of the other art schools of London and Paris. Draughtsmanship and craftsmanship were rightly placed by the students as the first essentials of good art. Post-Impressionism had not yet upset the ideals of representational painting, and the Impressionists had brought back the study of nature; the New English Art Club was stealing the prestige of the Royal Academy.

It was this background that helped John to gain such a mastery over his materials, and gave scope for his luxuriant invention. People may submit themselves to John, but we can be certain that he will never submit himself to them. He stands out as one of the most talented draughtsmen of all times, a brilliant colourist, a master of composition, and an etcher of fine achievement. Largely because of his impeccable accuracy, he has been able to take liberties with his subjects. At times he has been divided between truth to his subjects and truth to himself. Here I make a distinction between stylism and distortion, the former being a variation dictated by the artist's temperament, the latter a cold-blooded alteration prompted by the requirements of an abstract design. Augustus John comes under the first heading. In this connection I would classify him with Greco, Rubens, Cranach, Cosimo Tura and Gauguin.

John is continually trying to say something which cannot be expressed in words. Indeed, he no longer says something to us, but does something to us. The iridescent colours he puts on the canvas, as elusive as that of oil spilt in a puddle, vibrate along our nerves, creating a sensation of pleasure in our minds. He not merely records what the camera can record of a person; his imagination pierces the veneer of appearances and bares the inner structure of what the eye sees. With his keen senses he feels what we call the personality of a human being, and these immaterial qualities he incorporates in the form and colour of his work. The work of Augustus John is the only key to his artistic personality.

Specially photographed for "THE

SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.

John Wood the Elder—1705 (?) to 1754—whose work and times provide a theme for the affairs of Bath Assembly.

John Wood and His Times Form a Connecting Thread for

The Bath Assembly

"PUBLIC ways of the city were become like so many dung hills, slaughterhouses and pig styes. For soil of all sorts, and even carrion, were cast and laid on the streets, and pigs turned out by day to feed and rout among it."

So wrote John Wood, senior, whose work and times are the theme of the seventh Bath Assembly, which began on May 15th, and will continue until May 29th. John Wood changed the state of those "public ways." An early town-planner, his was the inspiration that made Bath a city of crescents and circuses. Queen's Square and the Circus are both his compositions, and he is also responsible for such single buildings as the Liverpool Town Hall, and the Corn Exchange at Bristol. He died in 1754, and this year's Assembly celebrates the bicentenary of that melancholy occasion.

If John Wood and his son made Bath architecturally famous, Jane Austen, whose family moved there in 1801, immortalised the city in words. It is fitting, then, that Miss Austen's ironic detachment should be echoed in the person of Joyce Grenfell, who makes a pre-London bow to the Assembly in "a new kind of entertainment," in which she is joined by three dancers—who offer, in movement, their own satiric contributions. All four will be seen in London at the Fortune Theatre from June 2nd.

Musically the programme ranges wider than the eighteenth century, though its strength is in Mozart and Handel. Handel's *Judas Maccabeus* will be performed to-night (May 19th); the Beecham concert on the 24th is in period—but

The Banqueting Room of the Guildhall at Bath, which is decorated in cream and gold. It will be used for a lecture, for chamber music, and for Intimate Opera.

Irene Worth will read poems of the early eighteenth century for the Apollo Society on Sunday, May 23rd.

"Joyce Grenfell Requests the Pleasure." This is a new sort of entertainment, in which Miss Grenfell is joined in the practice of her solitary art by three dancers, Beryl Kaye, Irving Davies and Paddy Stone. Their programme includes a ten-minute murder mystery in movement, directed by Wendy Toye.

a Festival at Bath

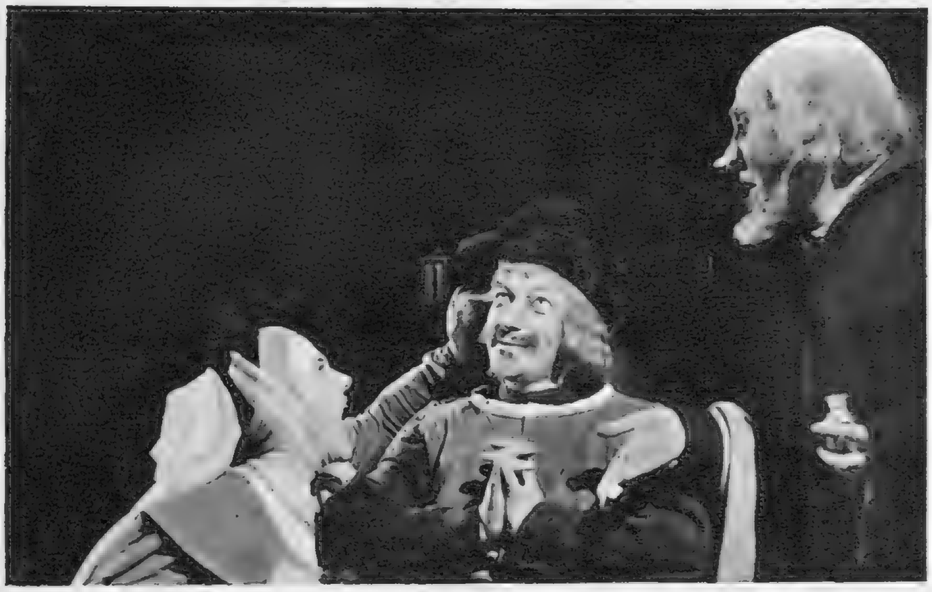
Sir Adrian Boult, who follows him on the 25th, has decided on Brahms, Elgar and Vaughan Williams. The Bath Bach Choir, however, gives Mozart's *Requiem* next Wednesday (May 26th). Claudio Arrau, on May 27th, will play Haydn, Beethoven and Brahms. Next day, the Combined Choirs will sing in what is probably the most complete eighteenth-century church in Bath, the Walcot Methodist Church. Two modern "Intimate Operas" will be performed in the Banqueting Hall, but one of them at least is set in a period prior to John Wood's times, and is a re-telling of the old folk tale in which a dumb wife is cured—to everyone's dismay.

Readers, remembering the selection of pictures by Goor published last month, will be interested to know that his exhibition is now showing at Bath at 26, Broad Street.

Yes, there are elegant revels at Bath this fortnight, capped by the Floral Ball, the social event of the Assembly, at the Pump Room on May 21st. We like to think that over them hovers the dignified, approving ghost of Beau Nash, keeping a watch to see that all is seemly.

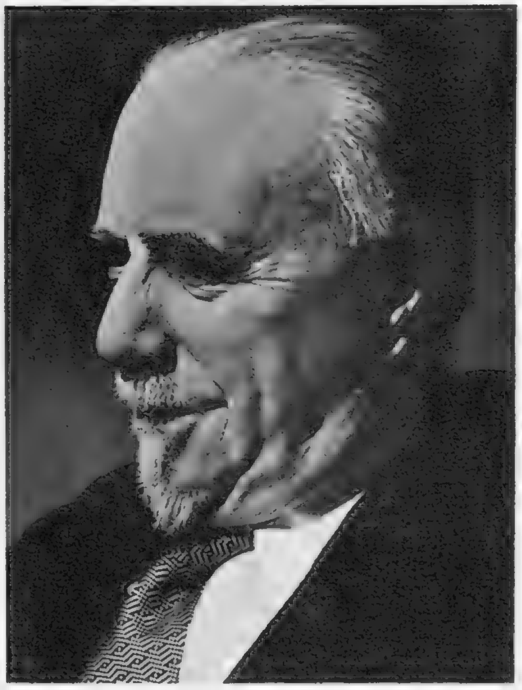
Queen's Square is an example of the work of John Wood, senior. He himself lived at No. 24, where, on May 22nd at 3.30 p.m., a ceremony will take place to celebrate the bi-centenary of his death in 1754.

Waldo Lanchester, with a marionette specially designed for *The Beau of Bath*, a new creation presented from May 17th to 20th.



The Dumb Wife. This "Intimate Opera," with book by Peter Shaffer and music by J. Horowitz, is set in the fifteenth century. Together with *Three's Company*, it will be performed in the Banqueting Hall on Saturday, May 22nd.

Conductors. Sir Adrian Boult (*left*) and Sir Thomas Beecham are to conduct the Liverpool Philharmonic and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestras respectively. Sir Thomas's choice includes P. E. Bach and Boccherini ; Sir Adrian will conduct Brahms, Elgar and Vaughan Williams.



TELEVISION TOPICS: By CYRIL BUTCHER

Picking Up the Pieces

WHAT in Heaven's name *will* make a satisfying television light-entertainment show? Is the problem quite insoluble?

I had such hopes for *The Pat Kirkwood Show* and had been looking forward to it ever since January, when I was first told about it. And on paper it looked sure-fire.

Pat Kirkwood is one of the most brilliant and versatile artists of this *genre* in the world. She has a fine sense of timing, characterization and showmanship, together with a delightful personality and great verve. Michael Mills is a producer of consummate skill and good taste, who glories in the complexities of television. He and Miss Kirkwood had already worked together in a highly successful edition of *The Passing Show, The Marie Lloyd Story*, so one could take agreement between star and producer for granted.

The "support" looked hopeful too. Terry-Thomas, as the first of the guest-comedians, was a safe bet, and one knew David Hughes as a *jeune premier*, with a fine voice and pleasing appearance. I thought all this secrecy about the casting of Johnny Lockwood, as the resident comedian, rather arch and pointless, but he can be quite an endearing comedian, given the right material.

Which brings one to the plethora of authors: Messrs. Jimmy Grafton, Peter Griffiths, Peter Myers, Alec Grahame, Bob Monkhouse and Denis Goodwin; to the composers and lyricists, David Croft and Cyril Ornadel, and to Freddie Carpenter, who has already done good work for television and was responsible for the staging of the "production numbers." One could scarcely demand a better set-up of experienced and talented people. On paper, *The Pat Kirkwood Show* did indeed look sure-fire.

On the screen it was rather different and I almost wept to see this show, into which so much trouble and money had gone, falling to pieces before my eyes. The leading artists, of course, are far too experienced ever to give actually bad performances, but to me they looked ill-at-ease and without that extra something which has put them where they are. The material fell damply and dully on my ears and there was never a moment pictorially gladdening to my eyes. Quite frankly I was saddened and bored.

Now the great scream against television critics is that we are seldom constructive in our damnations. All right, I'll be constructive. What was lacking in *The Pat Kirkwood Show* was a well-defined pattern; and that lack dulled the edges of both artists and writers. If all these talented people will get together and concentrate on the *bones* of their show, there is yet time to make the rest of this series into a rousing success. And please will they in future refrain from coy back-screen references to "the producer," "nerves" and other television technicalia? It only embarrasses.

Another major television offering which fell with a bump was *That Lady*, by Kate O'Brien. Billed as a "romantic drama," it was set in sixteenth-century Spain and told of the love triangle between Philip II., Ana de Mendoza and Antonio Perez. It should have had romance, drama, a feeling of the period and a Spanish flavour; but the triangle, as conducted by Reginald Tate, Edana Romney and Joseph O'Conor, was more of a leisurely row between three palpable Angles in fancy dress, as far as I was concerned. The modern English idiom of the dialogue did not help at all and I thought the production of Rudolph Cartier far too slow and inclined to photographic infelicities.

BRENDA BRUCE.

HENRY HALL.

PHILIP HARBEN.

MARIE POWERS.

T.V. PERSONALITIES: **Our television critic and our fashion expert find themselves slightly bewildered by the variety of hair-styles which BRENDA BRUCE adopts for her appearance on the *The Name's the Same* panel. However, they agree that she always looks delicious. The second edition of *The Spice of Life* will feature HENRY HALL. Mr. Hall's memories, which include most of the world's most distinguished artists, should make most fascinating entertainment. To-night PHILIP HARBEN—television's culinary wizard—appears in the first of three new cooking programmes. In this series he will describe some of the classic Continental dishes and demonstrate the preparation of Anglicised versions of them. To-night's dish is *Sole Bonne Femme*. MARIE POWERS made something of a sensation when she appeared in Gian-Carlo Menotti's short opera, *The Medium*, some time ago. On May 24, she will be in the television presentation of another of Menotti's works: *The Old Maid and the Thief*.**

Quite the opposite was true of Eric Fawcett's handling of *Three Men on a Horse*, by John Cecil Holm and George Abbott. The pace was exhilaratingly slick and the "cutting" from camera to camera was a model, inasmuch as it was unnoticeable. The performances were of an all-round excellent standard, achieving that difficult thing: the authentic American manner.

AGAIN, *on paper*—one day I'll cure myself of this habit of optimistic prediction—on paper the next fortnight's viewing will include quite a chunk of "strong meat." May 23rd and 27th brings Iain McCormick's *The Liberators*, a tale—set in 1944 when the Allied armies were chasing the heels of the German retreat in Italy—of how the relentless military machine affects the lives of a family of peasants, who only ask to live quietly and in peace.

Then on May 25th there is an "Historical Invention," by Donald Carswell, giving a somewhat unedifying picture of the last hours of the Old Pretender, *Count Albany*, in Cardinal York's house on the outskirts of Rome, and the "accession" of the drunken and degenerate Young Pretender.

John Buchan's *Witch Wood* has been made into a television play by Donald Wilson: you can see it on May 30th and June 3rd. It is a highly complex story, of the time of the Covenanters, taking place in a Lowland village of Woodilee in 1646. The Montrose rising flows and ebbs through the village, bringing added problems to the Minister of Woodilee. His chief preoccupation, however, is the devil worship to which many of his flock are addicted. These two ingredients form a violent emulsion which, told in terse dialogue and swiftly-moving pictures, should prove most exciting viewing.

It would seem that the liberated French also had their problems. In *Special Providence*, by Armand Salacrou (translated by Basil Bartlett), the tide of war has receded from Le Havre and its inhabitants are trying to re-establish their shattered lives and homes. M. Salacrou's characters share the Gallic passion for discussion all round a major issue, only facing it when they run short of words. This is on June 1st.

For more relaxed viewing there are several outside broadcasts which you may care to note. May 22nd, 24th and 25th bring cricket in the shape of the M.C.C. *v.* Pakistan match from Lord's; May 20th, 21st and 22nd the Royal Windsor Horse Show; and a show of a different kind from the Royal Festival Hall, which will be devoted to the latest fashions, on May 31st.

Our Fashion Portfolio

by NORAH OWEN

For an English Summer!

Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, and any time of the year, or any time of the day a woman can wear mink. Here, luxurious for evening and most elegant for the day, is a beautifully worked cape-stole in a lovely shade of Wild Mink. Matching it is an extra large muff. Both are from the National Fur Company, Brompton Road.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Denis Hughes-Gilbey.

A gracious dress for the older woman in black-and-white rose-printed satin. Beautifully draped, with a wide skirt, it has one shoulder-strap, the other, a band of roses, droops softly down over the arm. By Roecliff and Chapman, from the Model Department, Debenham and Freebody; and Alexandrine of Nottingham.

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO (continued)

For Summer Evenings

SUMMER evening dresses are no longer in rich, heavy fabrics except for the older woman. For the young they all have a crisp, freshly-laundered look which goes so well with summer evenings. Many are in white with pale blue touches or in the popular flower prints in lovely pastel shades. Long or short—and many this season are short—they all have a romantic and feminine appeal.

Photographed at the Mirabelle Restaurant, Curzon Street. Jewellery designed by Christian Dior, made by Mitchel Maer, at leading stores.

A dress that can be covered by a fitted matching spencer-jacket for informal evenings. A princess-line model in white lace over pale blue taffeta with a deep scooped neck. By Frank Usher, price 20 guineas, from Woollands, Knightsbridge; John Moses, Newcastle; Edith Dennett, Wilmslow.

Young and gay, delightful for a débutante for June balls and country-house dances, is this crisp and youthful dress in blue-and-white striped organza with a long, full skirt. The bodice fits tightly over the midriff, and has a cross-over yoke, tying in bows, just off the shoulders. By Dorville, price 26½ guineas, from Tina Berlyn, Bond Street; and Samuels of Manchester.

Elegant Economy

For the most summery of evenings, to be worn against a background of flowers and moonlight—a poplin dress with a floral print on a white background, and a pale blue swathed yoke and straps. By Horrockses, price 13 guineas, from Bourne and Hollingsworth ; County Clothes, Cheltenham ; Maryon, Bournemouth ; and Leaders, Southport.

NATIONAL CORSET WEEK

THIS week is National Corset Week, with stores and shops throughout the country putting on special displays and giving advice on the buying of foundation garments.

All women, whether their figures are problem or perfect, have to wear some sort of foundation ; and for reasons of health as well as vanity, this should be chosen so that it really fits, and does the job for which it was designed. It is not necessary, these days, to have a foundation garment made to measure, so wide is the range of fittings and styles in modern corsetry.

There is a suitable girdle, brassiere, pantie-belt or corselette for every kind of figure, large or small, but it is only possible to find the right one by taking skilled advice, and by trying on even the tiniest wisp of a brassiere before buying it.

Ideally, every woman should possess a corset "wardrobe," with foundation garments for evening and day-time wear, and for active sports. Halter and strapless dresses bring their own problems, which can nowadays be easily solved.

At least, every women should have two girdles, to be washed and worn in alternate weeks. Washing prolongs the life of a corset, as it keeps the fibres from rotting and preserves the shape of the garment. Brassieres should be washed after each day's wear, using nothing but pure soap. The garments should be thoroughly rinsed, and dried away from direct heat. A cool iron is called for, but the elastic parts of the garment should not be ironed.

A final point is that one is never too young to learn foundation sense. A teen-age girl should start wearing a light girdle and a brassiere as soon as she needs support. And it is essential that these should be expertly fitted, as a girl's good figure in the future is founded during the development stage.

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MOTORING with WILLIAM HARTLEY

The Rover "Sixty"

I HAD not driven a Rover since the war, yet I am prepared to swear that I could have named the make of this car had I handled it blind! It is one of those impossible feelings to describe. But give it what name you will, to drive a Rover is a satisfying experience.

For some years the Rover company had followed a one-model policy until, last autumn, they brought in two alternative engine sizes to the existing "75," one smaller and one larger. It was the small member of the trio that I recently tested. In earlier days it would have been rated at 15 h.p.

The Rover line is familiar. Very neat and distinctive, there is a minimum of chrome and a smoothness of finish to suggest polish and high standard.

As for the coachwork, how pleasing it is to sit behind a polished wood facia. The dash is extremely pleasant and purposeful, too. On the right, all the instruments are in a black panel, laid out for simplicity and ease of reach. In the centre is a very useful cupboard. Before the passenger there is a truly handsomely deep and spacious "glove-box"—as it used to be known—and, below this, a sliding tray carrying tools.

The upholstery is neat and plain but beautifully finished and comfortable, with folding arm-rests to the bench seats, and adjustable arm-rests on the front doors. Interior lights for both front and rear are operated by the doors automatically, though, of course, they may also be normally operated by a pillar switch either side if necessary.

The controls are well placed—and here I might mention the gear change lever. Rover have abandoned the steering-column mounting for this (others will follow, I do not doubt) and it is now central on the floor. Not the short stubby lever one used to find in Rovers but a longish lever, which can be adjusted for position to suit individual drivers. In operation, too, I found the gear change smooth, sweet, and simple. Rover still stick to their practice of fitting a free-wheel, which can be locked or used as desired. This makes gear-changing simplicity itself, for, once under way, one ignores the clutch and simply moves the lever; while to coast automatically simply by releasing the accelerator is most pleasing, and makes for economy.

On the road, the Rover lives up to its high standard of appearance and design. There is a real comfort in the ride (although on some roughish sections of road I think I felt a certain sharpness about the suspension). I was delighted to find a good sized tyre, because I think too many of the present day cars tend to be under-tyred. Cornering is stable, and steering is pleasantly light.

Performance rather surprised me, for the car is lively beyond my expectation for the smaller engine. The maximum is around 75 m.p.h., cruising speed say 65 to 70, with everything silent and happy. Petrol consumption came out around the 31 m.p.g. mark and that included some runs made as fast as possible; one could anticipate 32 m.p.g. with average driving, which should satisfy anyone.

Little is spared to make the car complete. The heating and ventilation system really worked—and, believe me, that is uncommon, even in these days! There are useful devices, such as a warning light that tells you the choke should be pushed in if you forget it; an oil level indicator combined in the petrol gauge; the best traffic-indicator switch I've come across, placed below the wheel and truly splendid in operation. A sensible horn-ring, that I never once pressed inadvertently, pleased me too.

Yes indeed, my family and I liked this Rover "60" very much. At £820 plus the inevitable and cursed purchase tax, it seems to me to bring a quality and refinement at a reasonable figure, and to deserve the reputation that Rovers have had for many years of producing cars for discerning people.

CURRENT TOPICS

The Badgered Motorist

THERE is a notice on a church in Cheltenham, and I am sure it makes a point:

NOTICE TO CHAIRMEN.

"Chairs are not allowed to take up at this door or to stand on any part of the carriage way.
They will take up at the Alstone great door only."

Now whether that relates to sedan chairs or bath chairs I care not. I am not antiquarian enough to know or even guess. But I am transport-minded enough to see there the thin end of a wedge that has become larger and larger, until to-day there are so many notices telling us motorists what we shall NOT do that it is hard to move without at least one in sight.

I really must hand the palm to Newbury for this. Recently I was there, and I don't think I have ever seen so many notices saying "NO PARKING." "NO ENTRY." Bless me, I even saw one directed at pedestrians saying "NO LOITERING," which was a pleasant change. Fancy someone daring to tell pedestrians to move on!

But, while at Newbury, I wanted to turn to get back onto the Bath Road. I dutifully went down the main street and followed the signs. I found myself in a sort of bus park. The only road out I could see bore "NO ENTRY" signs like the road I had come down. I was caught at last, I thought. Trapped where motorists could be lured to die like elephants. It took a little time to find the way out, since that road was blocked by buses!

I mention all this as a typical case of the way motorists are being pushed around. The mania for notices of direction is spreading. Why such a large body of people as the motoring public should stand for it, I don't know. One day we'll run amok. And if we choose to exert ourselves, they would be in a pickle. They will drive us too far, one day, I am sure. I get furious here and there to find little notices in the roadway saying "Police Notice. No Parking." Hang it all, the notice is so placed as to take up as much of the roadway as a parked car would do! Ever seen that? I doubt the legality of it, anyway.

And there are a goodly number of towns which still charge for parking on the public highway under some pretext or another. As you will gather, I am about to break out. Anyone coming with me?

Road Roar

THE Research Department of the Nuffield Organisation has a most interesting project on hand. It is investigating what is termed Road Roar—the roar that a car makes as it covers the ground. Even the most silent coachwork and engine and the rest seem to set up a roar as the speed increases.

The Nuffield engineers are using the mobile laboratory which they developed for the 10,000 miles non-stop run with the Minor some eighteen months ago. This enables them to work around and in and about a car moving along the highway at 50 and 60 miles an hour. They have brought into use electronic gear with microphones and tape recorders in a complex listening and searching equipment that I will not—and indeed, could not—describe for you. Sufficient to welcome this advanced research and wish these engineers luck in what seems to me a really tricky piece of work!

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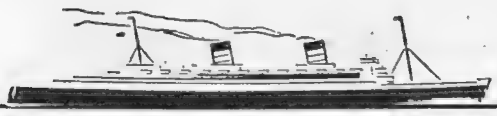

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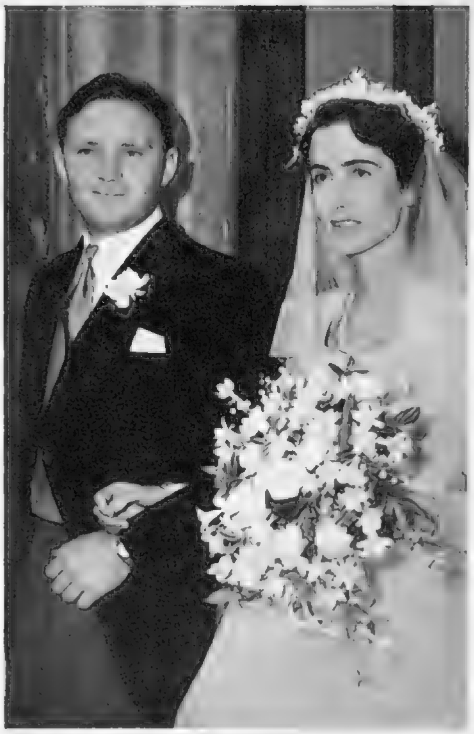
CROSFIELD-KASETA : At the Greek Orthodox Church of St. Sophia, Bayswater, April 29th : the second wedding ceremony of Mr. Paul Crosfield (Paul Homer, the actor) and Miss Antoinette Kaseta. A first Catholic ceremony was held in New York. Small page in traditional Greek costume was five-year-old John, son of Dr. and Mrs. H. R. Shepherd, of Enfield, Middlesex.



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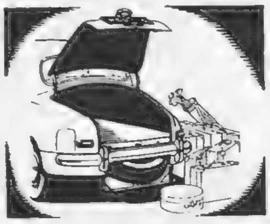

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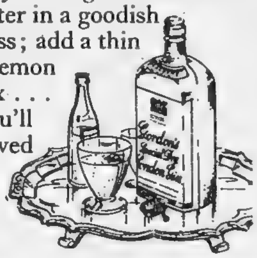

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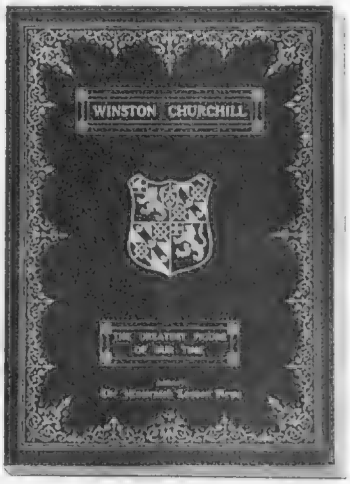

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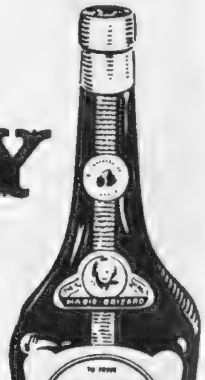

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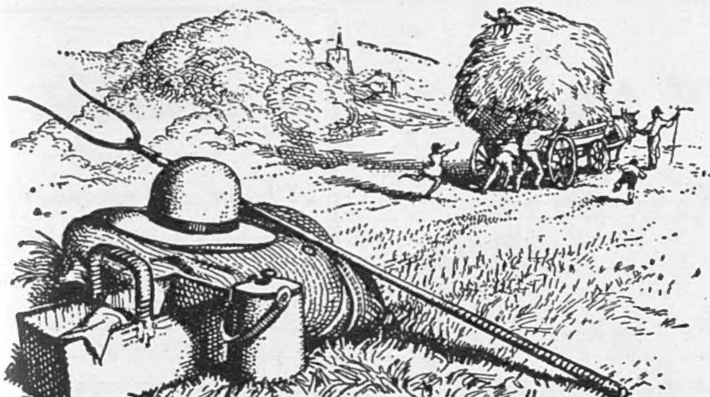

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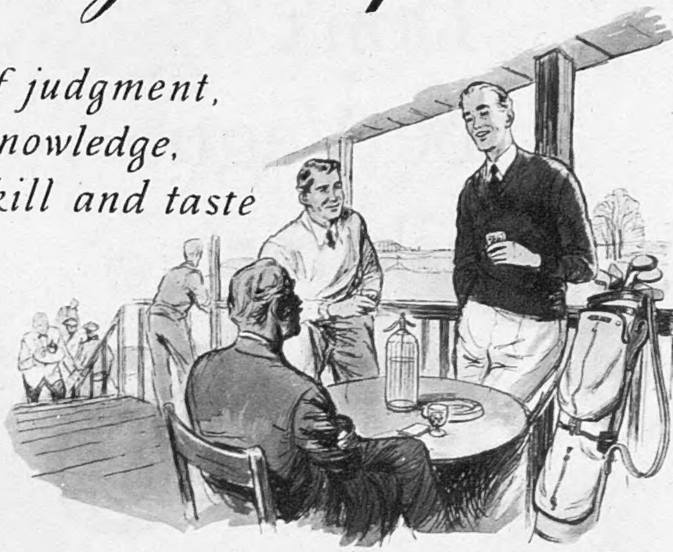

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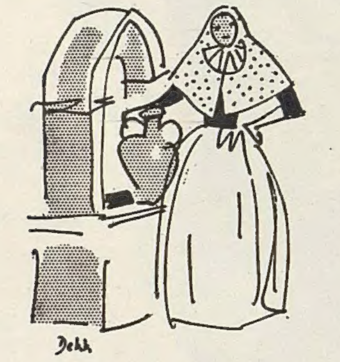

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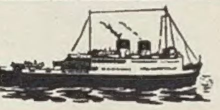

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